


# Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 22, 1971 60 CENTS

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The Car:  
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## WALKER'S DELUXE

That elegant straight-8



## There's nobody else exactly like Johnny U.

Johnny Unitas is one of the leading quarterbacks in pro football. Perhaps the best one in the half-century history of the NFL.

Picked up off the sandlots, where he was playing for \$6 a game, Johnny now owns virtually all the career passing records in the league. Records that probably will never be broken.

In the fifteen years he's been calling signals for the Baltimore Colts, he's completed over twenty-six hundred passes for almost three hundred touchdowns. And he has a career total of over thirty-seven thousand yards gained in the air. Johnny's been named Most Valuable Player three times, All-Pro six times and has played in 10 Pro-Bowl games. His streak of throwing a touchdown pass in 47 consecutive games is more than double that of anyone else who ever played.

Johnny's cool, precise leadership of the team over the years has earned him the nickname "The Ice-

man". And his classic style has become the standard for the position he plays.

Nobody else can ever be exactly like Johnny Unitas. But we think everyone can be as physically fit. That's why Equitable encourages physical fitness programs throughout the nation. So that you and your family can enjoy good health. And build a better life.

Helping people build a better life

**THE EQUITABLE**

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*George Loh*

For an attractive 7 1/4 x 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, send your name and address and the words, JOHNNY UNITAS, to Equitable, S.P.O. Box 3828, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.

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## Next week

A YEAR OF THE GIANT begins its college basketball and, for once, UCLA is not favored to run off with the NCAA title, though it does have one of the very best guards 6' 11" Bill Walton). Barring the Bruins' way will be Marquette's Jim Chones, 6' 11" too and, writes Curry Kirkpatrick, the finest college player in the land. In a special preview, a gallery of the new big men, scouting reports on the top 20 teams and the best of the rest, and a tall story by William F. Reed on "little" Essie Claire. Along with news and features from the rest of the sports world



# Avis gives you a bigger little car.

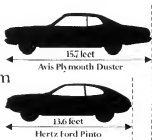
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As of today, only one car has qualified for that reduction.

The car? The new SAAB 99E. Our car.

It hits the barrier head on at 5 and rearward at 2½ miles an hour, without any damage. No dents. No scratches. Nothing.

This also means our car passes

the 1973 Federal Safety Standards for low speed collisions a year before it's required.

Our car is a lot different from the other car built in Sweden in other ways, too.

Our car has Front-Wheel Drive, a standard 4-cylinder, fuel-injected, overhead cam engine and 4-speed transmission (3-speed automatic is optional), 4-wheel disc brakes and roll-cage construction. Radial tires are standard too.

One thing that isn't a lot different is price. Our car costs about the same as theirs.

So before you buy their car, drive ours. The SAAB 99E. We think you're going to buy it instead.



SAAB's new energy absorbing bumpers are standard equipment on the 1977 model 99E, front and rear. These bumpers are made with heavy U shaped steel rails with energy absorbing cellular plastic blocks between them, all covered with black rubber. These bumpers absorb shocks before they reach the passengers and prevent minor bumps from becoming major repair bills.

## SAAB 99E

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A newly opened section of Sangre de Cristo Ranches presents a great opportunity to invest in choice land while low prices are still in effect

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The subdivision lies at about the halfway point between Denver and Albuquerque, just three miles south of the intersection of Colorado Highway 159 (the Kit Carson Trail) and U.S. Route 160 (the Navajo Trail). The sites are located between the towns of Fort Garland and San Luis, the oldest town in the state. Your horizon is dominated by the awesome Blanca Peak, 14,317 feet high. To both the east and the west, the sagebrush-dotted slopes of the San Luis Valley sweep into the Sangre de Cristo Range of the Rocky Mountains.

**THIS OFFER IS A FULLY-GUARANTEED LAND INVESTMENT PLAN:** At your option, all payments will be completely refunded to you, if for any reason within 60 days you decide not to buy. You have a further option of complete refund within one year, if when you initially see your property you are not satisfied with it. You can hardly go wrong in this purchase. The value of raw land in the Great Southwest has been rising steadily for the past three decades, and continues to do so. It's no secret that world population is likely to double by the turn of the century. This people-boom will greatly reduce the available land in the United States.

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**A NEW SECTION OF SANGRE DE CRISTO RANCHES HAS JUST OPENED,** and you will want to investigate this opportunity to invest in choice, rolling ranchland while the special prices are still in effect! Send now for full-color brochure including details on transportation, recreation, water resources, utilities, schools, and medical facilities. No cost or obligation. Mail the attached postpaid card to: SANGRE DE CRISTO RANCHES INC., Box 303, Fort Garland, Colorado 81133.

\*Prices subject to change without notice.



Sangre de Cristo Ranches Inc. is a duly registered subdivision developer in and under the laws of the State of Colorado. This registration is not to be construed to imply state endorsement of the subdivision.

# A rare Gift from Ben Hogan



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# FOOTLOOSE

Paria Canyon is just the spot for one who follows the straight and very narrow

The beginnings of Paria Canyon at the flat desert of southern Utah, just north of the Arizona border, are deceptively mild. And 37 miles farther on (or maybe 48, depending on your cartographer) this canyon and its small, violent river end quietly enough at Lees Ferry, where they melt into the big Colorado. But in between is a fantastic gorge, negotiable only on foot—whose untrodden beauty only recently became known to the backpacking fraternity.

Once you enter Paria Canyon, there is no way out except back the way you came, or through to the other end. Its walls, slabs of eroded rock more than 1,000 feet high, are too steep to climb, and the side canyons and without exception an unsalable bores. Until three years ago fewer than 50 persons had even seen this canyon. Now it is open to hikers, who also have available to them a unique seven-day tour package that includes not only the canyon but parts of the upper Colorado River and glimpses of local Indian lore. More on that later.

You cannot tour Paria Canyon by road—you have to hike—and its pristine ruggedness is now protected as a primitive area and maintained by the Arizona Bureau of Land Management. Although the best times of year to explore it are late spring and early fall, now is the time to begin making arrangements for a trek. Lee and Tony Sparks, father-son concessionaires at Lees Ferry on the Colorado, are the unofficial greeters of Paria Canyon. Their knowledge of the area and the presence of their facilities at the mouth of the gorge make this chancy journey possible. If either man is available to act as your guide, you would do well to have him along.

But as there is no alternate route—if you take a wrong turn you soon find out by running into a blind canyon—no guide through Paria is really necessary. There are a few quicksand holes, easily avoidable, and some places where it would not be advisable to be caught in a sudden storm. A vital preliminary to a trip here is a call to the U.S. Weather Bureau in Cedar City, Utah, showers upstream can raise the river's level by several feet in a matter of moments.

Page, Ariz. is the most accessible an terminus to the canyon, with service by Air West from Salt Lake City and Phoenix. The drive to the jumping-off point for the canyon hike is about 40 miles northwest on U.S. Highway 89. Gear is simple: ankle-high sneakers—an extra pair wouldn't hurt, light, quick-dry clothing, sleeping bags, dehydrated and freeze-dried foods, sunburn lotion, a hat, two quart-sized can-

teens plus chlorine tablets. Figure on three to six days of taking, depending on your endurance and your curiosity about the rock formations, side canyons and vivid Indian pictographs that decorate some of the cliffs. A party of four or more is recommended for all but the most hardy and experienced.

Every step of the Paria hike is spectacular, beautiful, violently colorful and even intimidating. The best campsites are broad, grassy shelves located well up from the river, but even these havens leave the camper a bit antsy, in view of the dire descriptions of flash floods heard on all sides.

About halfway through Paria the hiker encounters Weather Canyon, a 1,000-foot-deep, three-sided box containing the finest natural arch of the trek, in its way as improbable as Rainbow Bridge in Glen Canyon. This sandstone arch is 200 feet high and is peckmarked with foot niches carved out by the Anasazi Indians some 2,000 years ago. The final seven miles of the hike follow a widening, greening valley to the cultivated fields of Lonely Dell, John D. Lee's historic ranch at Lees Ferry, and the comfortable resort complex of the Fort Lee Company run by the Sparks family.

Once at Lees Ferry, the venturer has his choice of plunging back into civilization by returning to Page, and home, or taking a couple of days to unwind and enjoy the sights of this stretch of the Colorado River as the paying guests of the Sparkes. This enterprising pair will put you up overnight at the lodge and give you a day to paddle around on an innertube in the Colorado. Then they put you aboard a neoprene rapids-running boat piloted by an expert riverman for a 63-mile, three-day cruise, if that is what you can call a foam-flecked drop of 3,000 feet through the inner-gorge rapids of the Grand Canyon. At the junction of the Little Colorado, a jet helicopter shuttles you to the rim of the canyon, and a four-wheel-drive vehicle takes you back to Lees Ferry, crossing the remote southwest corner of the Navajo Indian reservation. You are back in Lees Ferry on the evening of the third day.

The entire adventure—Paria Canyon, the time at Lees Ferry, river trip, helicopter ride and return to Page by air-conditioned bus—takes at least a week and costs \$295 per person, including everything: guides, food, beverages, even such gear as sleeping bags, air mattresses, ponchos and life preservers. It is not a physically crushing experience, as one 65-year-old who recently took the trip professed.

Dates for the tour run from early May through the third week in October, with special charters for small groups available on off-dates. Information may be obtained from Lee Sparks, Fort Lee Company, P.O. Box 2103, Marble Canyon, Ariz. 86026. The phone number is (602) 645-3111.

—DOLLY CONNELLY

# MEET:



**ROGER BERENT**  
in St. Louis

It takes a lot of good qualities to succeed in the complex field of business insurance planning. Maybe that's why Roger Berent is the success he is.

A graduate of Bradley University, Roger sought a career that offered both challenge and personal satisfaction. He found the right opportunity at Connecticut General. Today, he is an Account Executive at CG's group insurance office located in the Pierre Laclede Center at 7733 Forsyth Boulevard in St. Louis. One of St. Louis' leading businessmen, Roger devotes his professional skills to helping the area's leading insurance men provide for the needs of their group insurance clients. He has consistently received the company's Gold Circle Award, the highest honor a Connecticut General group man can receive.

Roger Berent does things a little differently... it's his idea to **serve first**. Men like him are located in metropolitan areas throughout the country. They make CG service much more valuable to people and businesses from coast to coast.

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1 Our complete home entertainment system, model 6661 AM/FM stereo radio, 4-speed BSR

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2 If you're into 8 track, it's model 1900 Pop-up 8-track playback unit, AM/FM stereo radio and BSR mini-turnstile. **159.95**

3 This is an AM/FM stereo radio and phonograph with a lot of extra features: 4-piece flexibility, air-suspension speakers, slide controls, integrated circuitry, monaural muting switch, record cuing lever, field effect transistors, and more. Model 1312 **199.95**

4 A stereo cassette tape deck. Plays and records through any amplifying system. Automatic tape shutoff. Pause control. Dual microphone and phono inputs. Model 7525 **89.95**

5. A 3-piece stereo phonograph. Slide controls. Headphone jack. BSR 4-speed turntable. Dust-cover included. Model 1101 Under **80.00**

6 A stereo system for 99.95, model 1310 AM/FM stereo radio and 4-speed BSR automatic mini-record changer. Solid-state circuitry, headphone jack. **99.95**

7 Model 1311 gives you two kinds of flexibility: a 4-piece design and swivel speakers. You can mount the BSR mini-changer over the AM/FM stereo tuner/amplifier, or arrange the components all over your room. White, or walnut veneer. **149.95**

8 Model 1701 is an 8-track playback unit for the home with a built-in AM/FM stereo radio. Pushbutton channel selector on the tape unit. Continuous range tone control. Separate balance control **119.95**

9 Our 299.95 complete home entertainment system gives you air-suspension speakers and automatic end-of-cassette shutoff

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## This is the work of a mad architect

Atlanta's \$125 million Peachtree Center happened because one architect got angry at the traditional constraints of his profession.

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Today, he's a multimillionaire and a towering figure on America's urban skyline.

The architect as entrepreneur. It's one facet of Fortune's broad look this month at a profession in ferment. "The Architects Want A Voice In Redesigning America" says it all. They're tired of being quiet, gentlemanly, clubby, impotent. They're turning practical...and aggressive.

*Architecture—its misuse and non-use—matters to you as businessman and man. You buy buildings, after all. You do business in cities that grow without plan or human dimension. You, and all of us, live amid a new-made squalor that saps the spirit.*

Fortune tells this story of architecture in transition because its readers are the men in charge of change. One example; crippling land-use laws must be changed and businessmen, more than anybody, will change them.

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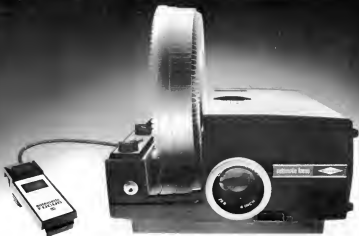
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†Except where prohibited by law.

# How to get into stereo without getting in over your head.

We know it looks dangerous. With all that walnut-finished wood and midnight black and silver trim, knobs to finagle with and those wild-looking cylindrical speakers. But look at the price of our new stereo system and feel safe.

Then look at what's in it. And rejoice. The FM/AM and FM stereo radios have everything from an FET tuner that pulls in even the weakest stations. To AFC on FM that makes sure they don't drift away. An FM stereo selector that keeps FM monaural from sneaking into FM stereo

programs. A Stereo Eye that lights up when you've tuned a stereo broadcast. And enough Solid-State doohickeys to make everything last you the best years of your life.

Plus a multiple-use amplifier. That lets you get deeper into stereo with tape and other hi-fi equipment. When you're good and ready.

The 4-speed changer won't be your ruin. Or your records' ruin, either. Because it's got a ceramic cartridge and sapphire stylus in a lightweight arm. And a dust cover that's included in the price.

You'll always be in full control, too. With bass and treble you can adjust to the n-th degree. And separate continuous balance controls that let you adjust the speakers individually. And what speakers. The strange shape does something strange. Like spread the sound out to every corner of a room.

If you're still a little nervous, ask your Panasonic dealer to lead you by the hand. To the "Sonisphere," Model SE-840. It's the best way to get deep into stereo and still keep your head above water.



**PANASONIC.**  
just slightly ahead of our time.



**Club Cocktails. They go where you go.**



**Club Cocktails are ready to drink  
real cocktails.  
Hardstuff.**

**The Whiskey Sours are delicious. Ditto  
the Daiquiris, Martinis and all of the 8  
other Club Cocktails.  
3 fresh drinks per pop-top, quick-chill can.  
Don't forget the straws.**

## SHOPWALK

Today, neither rain nor sleet can stay the golfer from playing his appointed rounds

No matter what T. S. Elliot said, November, not April, is the cruelest month—especially if you are a golfer facing the long winter with nothing better than a living room carpet to practice on. Well, cheer up. A scientist named Robert Hopp, who lives in Virginia and seldom plays golf himself, has invented an indoors game that crunches a 7,000-yard golf course into a 25-by-10-foot cube.

You can have one of Mr. Hopp's machines installed at home for only \$10,000, or you can play on one for a nominal "green fee" at one of about 25 Golfomat centers in cities in the Northeast and Midwest. One of these days the Golfomat people, who now own the rights to Mr. Hopp's invention, plan to expand into Texas and the Southwest. Tomorrow the world.

A game of Golfomat golf is played with real equipment off an artificial-nef mat. The player hits into a heavy nylon screen on which pictures of a famous golf course are projected in color. You have a choice of playing Congressional, Pebble Beach or Doral at the moment, since each has been photographed and programmed into the Golfomat projector. St. Andrews has thus far refused to pose, but they are working on the Augusta National and Pinehurst.

When a player hits, a computer calculates how far the ball would have gone by how quickly it reaches the screen. The film in the projector is then advanced so that the player now sees an image of the fairway approximately where his ball would have landed. The photographs cover each hole in 10-yard increments—about 700 frames per course. Upon reaching the green, the player puts out on a separate surface.

Arthur C. Angelos, president of Golfomat, thinks his game may someday become as big as bowling, in winter at least. He does not franchise Golfomat, but sells the units outright to local entrepreneurs. Most centers have established an in-house pro and pro shop as moneymaking adjuncts.

How realistic is a round of Golfomat? Well, a 10-by-10-foot cylon screen does not a golf course make, nor nylon mats a green. Still, you are hitting real golf balls with real clubs into a reasonably convincing image of a fairway, and the machine gives a close, if somewhat cosmetic, idea of how far the ball should go. Hooks and slices are pretty much eliminated. The putting greens are probably the least satisfactory—rather like putting across a wrinkled throw rug.

Mr. Angelos contends that his machines are fair tests of golf. Indeed, he says Golfomat will add a few strokes to the score of a 90 shooter—hardly the sort of news to send one rushing out to spend his \$10,000.

—DON ANDERSON

# Do you have enough brains to play football?



NFL Strategy challenges you to play the game like the pros. With your brains. Not your beef. You'll select plays...dope out the strategy...crystal ball your opponent's moves. You'll use your head like a professional football player.

NFL Strategy gives you an authentic 36 page NFL playbook, like the ones used in the NFL. And asks you to win by playing the leverage of 34 different NFL plays and 12 different defenses. There are 6,120 probabilities, with moves limited only by your knowledge of the game.

You'll play the hash marks. Your plays and time-outs will be controlled by an automatic timer. And you'll see your chances on the probability selector. In short, you're in a real game, except for the jerseys and the bloody nose.

If you're not going to scrimmage with the 280-pounders, play NFL Strategy. It's a comfortable way to get your brains beaten out.



**NFL STRATEGY.**  
By Tudor.



## 1972 Firebird. Pontiac takes the rough

You'd swear a car styled so close to the ground would communicate every little bump. But that's where Firebird surprises you. It's low-slung for the handling edge you want, yet engineered to eliminate the rough ride you don't.

A good part of that engineering is in the seats. We didn't make them for the grin-and-bear-it type. They were carefully fashioned

with the anatomy in mind. Four supremely comfortable bucket-type seats, foam constructed and done up in Pontiac's leatherlike Morrokide.

But the Firebird ride is more than just smooth. It's quiet. Thanks to a stronger double-shell roof that absorbs sound. And rugged Body-by-Fisher construction.

Every Firebird also has a body-colored





## Side out of the road car. For good.

Endura front bumper. It's rustproof, dent-resistant and covers the entire front end. Pontiac's idea of advanced styling is the kind that looks out for itself.

And every '72 Pontiac looks out for its driver and passengers, too. With seat and shoulder belts. Padded dash. Energy-absorbing steering column and instrument panel. Dual master

cylinder brake system. And many more standard safety features.

In short, our '72 Firebird looks, performs and handles like a road car. But never rides like one. It also sports a new low price this year. You can appreciate both today at your nearest Pontiac dealer's.

**That's what keeps Pontiac a cut above.**

Don't forget to buckle up for safety.



If you think all menthols taste alike,  
try the taste of extra coolness.  
Come all the way up to KOOL.



16 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette. FTC Report Aug. 71.

# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

## MELTING ICE

It is saddening, if not surprising, that the National Hockey League, by adding Long Island and Atlanta to its lineup for next season, has moved to dilute the quality of a sport already watered beyond decency. That will make 16 NHL teams—all dependent for players on a Canada of but 21 million people and a scattering of Americans. Not content with this, the NHL is going to add two more teams in 1974. The NHL expansion is preventive warfare against a new outfit called the World Hockey Association, which is threatening to put "major league" hockey into 10 U.S. and Canadian cities, starting next fall. The WHA promises to use a "colorful" puck. Meanwhile, one must expect player raids on the NHL, a thicket of lawsuits, a miasma of chauvinistic blather about the "right" of various cities to have "major league" hockey and, as sure as God made little pucks black, a poorer sport.

## APPETITE

Still, while hockey quality is being diluted, its hold in some areas remains intense. Boston, where the Bruins reign supreme (the Red Sox may have their following in season, but the basketball Celtics and football Patriots are second-class citizens in comparison), is the only major league hockey town in the U.S. that also fields—or rinks—a minor-league hockey team, too. The Braves, a Bruin farm that plays in Boston Garden when the Bruins are off in Vancouver or wherever, have been drawing like mad. Early this month they set an American Hockey League record with 14,031 spectators at one game. All of which may help to explain a little about the NHL's urge to create more teams—however diluted—for hockey-hungry fans to watch.

## FIX

After a brief, glorious moment in the sun when word came that a rooster had knocked off an eagle in a bird-a-birdo

fight (SCORECARD, Nov. 15), the chicken world is right back where it used to be behind the eightball. The truth came out when U.S. attorneys charged two Ohio men with "possession" of a bald eagle after it was discovered that the bird's broken wing had been caused by buckshot, not rooster kicks. Apparently fearing prosecution for violating laws protecting eagles, the men made up the tale about the ferocious rooster.

Well, to paraphrase Mark Twain, splendid story, splendid lie. Drive on.

## REAL LIONS

This week the omnipresent George Plimpton is in our magazine as a writer (page 40); next week he will be on TV as a quarterback, for the Baltimore Colts against the Detroit Lions. The TV sequence, filmed in a preseason game, does not reveal a near strike by the Detroit players. The Colts were cooperating for the fun of it, or the promotional value, as Detroit had when George was writing *Paper Lion*, but now Plimpton's ex-buddies wanted to be paid.

"It was a travesty," said Linebacker Wayne Walker. "We guys on defense had nothing to gain and everything to lose. Suppose he completes a pass and makes jerks out of us. Or suppose somebody hurts a knee. We didn't even know if we were covered." Linebacker Mike Lucci said, "It was a real nice day to put in four extra plays. The temperature was about 90 that afternoon."

At first it was hoped Plimpton would quarterback the Lions, but Joe Schmidt, Detroit's head coach, said no. "The TV people weren't thinking about someone getting hurt. When I turned him down, I thought that was it. But then he went to the Colts."

The Lions decided no pay, no play. There was a fair amount of back-and-forth arguing before the producers agreed on a fee of \$300 for each of the 11 defensive players. (The Lions tried to get an extra \$300 apiece for two injured starters who would not appear in

the Plimpton sequence, but the producers were adamant, and the Lions finally split the \$3,300 pot 13 ways.)

The four plays filmed with Plimpton at quarterback had no completed passes (no jerks after all, those Lions) but did include a quarterback keeper on which George was crushed by Defensive End Jim Mitchell, who drew a 15-yard penalty for unnecessary roughness. Afterward, in the clubhouse, a battered Plimpton was asked how he felt about his old Lion friends almost sabotaging the show. "There were moments when I wished they had," he said. "They threw defense at me I never saw before."

"I just wanted to let him know he was playing football," Mitchell said.

## IF THE CLEAT FITS

Every Saturday and Sunday morning a New Yorker named Dick Curtis ships his wife to the country and spends his weekend in town crashing about in Central Park playing touch football. Last year Curtis discovered that one of his alleged football companions wasn't playing the game, instead, he was using it as an excuse to get out of the house to meet a lady friend. With this as a springboard, Curtis and a couple of writing friends produced a paperback novel called *The Touch Team*, which has to do with six touch-football players who leave their wives each Sunday morning and, after a brief meeting in Central Park to get their stories straight, wander off to theoretically greener pastures.

Copies of the book have since appeared, and attendance at the real weekend games has risen sharply. Most of the new spectators, it turns out, are wives.

## THE TOMBOY SYNDROME

The psychologists keep analyzing sport, and sport keeps taking a beating. Writing in *Psychology Today*, Marne Hart says, "The woman who wishes to participate in sport and remain 'womanly' faces great stress. By choosing sport she usually places herself outside the social mainstream. But if woman is to be more than mother . . . we must reward her for sports achievement instead of stigmatizing her for it. A female athlete meets more oppression than most other women in the American way of life. Sport is male territory; therefore participation of female intruders is a peripheral, non-central aspect of sport."

Charging bravely ahead, Miss Hart  
continued

## HIS MISSION: CONQUER THE LAST FRONTIER

He's an oceanographer. While the exploration of outer space dominates the headlines, he works quietly to uncover the secrets of the ocean depths. The harvest of his efforts may someday feed the world.

Quiet and diligent, too, is the work of the National Life agent. His highly professional planning of your life insurance program can yield family security for decades to come.

**National Life**  
of Vermont

National Life Insurance Company, Montpelier, Vermont

LIFE INSURANCE, BUSINESS INSURANCE, PENSION AND PROFIT-SHARING PLANS



**ENRO** helps you keep the lady's attention where it belongs — on you — in this elegant dress shirt. The fabric is a yarn-dyed "Sparkler" dobby of Kodel polyester and cotton by Alfred Schlossberg. Durable press, of course. Special features include the new "Count" collar and two-button cuffs. Brown, blue, gold or plum. Made to sell for about \$11. At fine stores everywhere.



**Kodel.<sup>®</sup>**  
**the fiber of American life.**

The advertisement features a bottle of Black & White Buchanan's Blended Scotch Whisky on the left. The label is white with black text and a crest. In the center is a cut-crystal glass filled with whisky and two large ice cubes. To the right is a bottle wrapped in black and white striped paper, tied with a large, shiny silver bow. The background is dark and reflective.

**BLACK & WHITE**  
BUCHANAN'S  
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY  
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY  
*James Buchanan*  
DISTILLERS  
GLASGOW & LONDON  
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND  
100% SCOTCH WHISKY  
THE JAMES BUCHANAN DISTILLERS CO. LTD.  
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND

**BLACK & WHITE**  
ONE FIFTH

**Nobody ever returned a gift of Black & White Scotch.**  
Gift wrapped at no extra cost.

declares that, paradoxically, this antiathletic stigma is primarily a white phenomenon. A black woman can be strong and competent in sport and still not be denied her femininity. Indeed, she can gain added admiration and respect from both females and males. A white woman-an athlete, on the other hand, has to overcome deep-seated prejudice.

Even if a woman is able to compete vigorously without losing feminine status, Miss Hart warns that she should be aware of the dangers of taking drugs to enhance athletic performance. Male athletes have been warned repeatedly about the side effects of anabolic steroids but, she says, "Little has been published about the negative effects of male steroids on women. They are known to increase muscle size, to change fat distribution and also to produce secondary male characteristics such as increased face and body hair and deeper voices."

Girls, in other words, should be girls.

#### QUEEN'S GAMBIT

Not only are muscular girls discriminated against, so are brainy ones. But, hah, they strike back. Susan Solomon, 15-year-old student at Von Steuben High in Chicago, was No. 4 player on the school's chess team last spring when somebody blew the whistle on her by pointing out that state law prohibited coeducational competition in interscholastic sport. Skipping arguments that chess is a game rather than a sport, Susan went right to the top, with the result (checkmate!) that the Illinois House of Representatives has now voted 122 to 11 for a bill that, among other things, tells schools not to bar girls from playing games, or sports, with boys. Things like football are excluded, at least for the time being.

Way to go, Susan, and watch your pawns, Bobby Fischer.

#### VINTAGE TRIO

One of the things a good golfer tries to do as he advances into his autumn years is shoot his age—like a par 72 at age 72, for ideal instance. The ultimate along this line may well have occurred in San Antonio recently when, in one foursome, three men achieved this rarity. Dr. C. B. Walters, a 79-year-old retired dentist, shot 39-40—79; Frank Connolly, 76, turned in 36-40—76; and Newton A. Brown, 75, had 37-38—75. The three-way phenomenon did not come easily.

Connolly parred the last hole, but Brown had to roll in a birdie putt for his score, and Dr. Walters, trying for a better-than-his-age round, blew a shot on the 18th and got a bogey.

The fourth man in the group, Guy Wilson, didn't have a prayer to make it four for four. A mere tad of 62, he shot an 87.

#### OVER THE WALL

The most bizarre sponsor of a car and driver in auto racing is a club called the High Wallers, a group of inmates at the Oregon State Penitentiary in Salem. The



High Wallers constructed their car—a 1967 Chevelle for supermodified stock-car competition—themselves and maintain it without using state funds. A professional driver named Art Roth of Portland raced it 22 times this past summer on tracks around the Northwest. "We run on the half- and quarter-mile tracks and on some of the short dirt tracks," Roth said. "We did O.K. We had four seconds, four fourths, a seventh, an eighth, a 12th and a 13th. The rest of the time we broke down."

When Roth takes the car to a track, five High Wallers go along—the chief mechanic, who makes all the races, and four other inmates on a rotating system. Prison guards, who donate their time, go along, too. Guards also donate their time to supervise the club members when they are at the garage working on the car.

One of the High Wallers said, "The guards here have donated probably 3,000 hours of their own time. We've received

about \$10,000 to \$12,000 for the car from private citizens, firms, manufacturers. We give Art Roth 50% of the purses he wins, but so far he has always given it back, along with some of his own money, for us to put it back in the car." Prison officials will not reveal the records of the High Wallers, whose membership is limited to 30. "They are chosen on merit and their actions while they are in prison," said an official. "We won't talk about why they are here."

"They're really a bunch of good guys," Roth said. "We have no big problems, just little problems once in a while. Some guys think things should go one way, others another way. You know. They're great to work with."

#### ALWAYS ON TOP

To help enliven broadcasts of Milwaukee Buck games, announcer Fddie Doucette rechristens the team's players with nicknames that soon become commonly known among avid Buck fans throughout Wisconsin. When the Milwaukee center was known as Lew Alcindor, one of Doucette's nicknames for him was The Franchise, as in "The Franchise scores on a skyhook." Now that Alcindor has changed his name to Kareem Abdul Jabbar, Doucette refers to him as The Kareem of the Krop. What else?

#### THEY SAID IT

- Russ Thomas, Detroit Lions general manager, on why NFL teams are employing more than one quarterback: "The ideal situation would be to have a 24-year-old quarterback with a 35-year-old mind backed up by a 35-year-old quarterback with a 24-year-old body."
- John Schmitt, New York Jets center, on the first time he played against 6'9", 295-pound San Diego Charger Ernie Ladd: "I looked up across the line of scrimmage and there was Ernie Ladd. His eyeballs weighed five pounds apiece."
- Mike Lewis, Pittsburgh Condors center, noting that first-year players in the ABA include Artis Gilmore, Jim McDaniels, Julius Erving and George McGinnis: "I'd like to be coach of the rookies in this league. I'd play anybody in the world."
- Johnny Unitas, during a discussion of longevity in pro football, reminded that George Blanda is even older than he: "That's because he was born before I was."

END

# WHOOSH AND A ZONK

For the Miami Dolphins, the 24-21 victory over Pittsburgh last Sunday may well have been the most significant in their brief history. Not that beating the Steelers was so much of an achievement—although they came to Miami as co-leaders of their division, their record was only 4-4—it was the way Miami went about disassembling them. As a happy Don Shula said after the game, "This was the only really meaningful test we hadn't passed before. It is the first time we have been well behind in a big game and come back to win it. This team today showed poise and confidence and maturity."

The Dolphins needed all those qualities plus a measure of luck to win. But the biggest factor in their victory was a pair of training-camp roommates, Quarterback Bob Griese and Wide Receiver Paul Warfield. Remarkably, there was doubt before the game that Griese would be able to play. On Saturday afternoon a stomach attack had hospitalized him and he was still so weak at game time that Shula started George Mira.

The unfortunate Mira, who had played very little this season, got almost nowhere against the aggressive Steeler defense while Terry Bradshaw was making the Steeler offense sit up and sing. Mira managed a Garo Yepremian field goal, but Bradshaw marched the Steelers 80 yards for one touchdown and threw a 28-yard pass to Ron Shanklin for another. Then, just as the quarter ended, Griese came in to a roar from the crowd.

He promptly fumbled the snap. The ball was recovered by Pittsburgh at its 49. Five plays later Bradshaw passed to Dave Smith for another touchdown and Miami was behind 21-3. But the Dolphins were not about to fold.

"Griese gave the club a big lift when he went in again," Shula said. It was evident at once. Griese completed a 41-

*Paul Warfield sped away with three Bob Griese touchdown passes. Larry Csonka bruised the Steeler middle with his runs and the Miami Dolphins rose from the Orange Bowl carpet to take a game shot full of meaning*

by **TEX MAULE**

yard pass to Howard Twitley, his other wide receiver, for one big gain, then hit Warfield from the Steeler 12-yard line for a touchdown. Warfield faked toward the sideline, cut back sharply between two defenders and took a perfectly thrown pass to score.

The success of the offense animated the defense, so that the Steelers, who had been moving on Bradshaw's sharp, accurate passes, began to stall. Late in the quarter the Griese-Warfield magic worked in earnest.

From his 14, Griese dropped back to pass under a strong rush. He evaded a clump of tacklers descending on him from the right, gave ground, then moved up as if to run. Finally he stopped and fired a long pass to Warfield, who was well behind Mel Blount, the Steeler right cornerback. The play covered 86 yards for the second Miami touchdown.

"During training camp Bob and I discuss just about every situation that can come up," Warfield said later. "When I looked back and saw him scrambling I started to cut to my right in the direction he was running, then I saw him reverse his field and out of the corner of my eye I saw Blount move toward the line to stop a run, so I just turned downfield and Bob was looking for the move."

The roommates provided the winning touchdown on the first play of the fourth quarter. With the ball on the Miami 40 and the wind at his back, Griese sent

Warfield deep down the sideline. The Steeler cornerback, expecting more help than he got in covering Warfield, lost a step and Warfield was gone again, catching the ball on the 15 and trotting in.

The Steelers struggled valiantly for the rest of the quarter, but a series of key penalties and, finally, the slippery Poly-Turf, did them in. With just under two minutes to play, they forced the Dolphins to punt from their own 13. Jon Staggers signaled for a fair catch and came over to take the ball, but his feet shot out from under him, the ball caromed off him and the Dolphins took over on their 39. Some bull-like rushes by Larry Csonka used up enough time so that only 13 seconds were left when the Steelers got the ball again and had a hopeless, into-the-wind 52-yard field goal blocked as the game ended.

"There were a lot of fine things on the field today," Shula said. "Csonka hurt his leg in the first half but refused to go out. He got us the rough yardage at the end when we had to have it. The defense played poorly in the first half, letting them break tackles for touchdowns, but then shut them out in the second half. I'm as proud of this bunch as I ever have been of a team."

In many ways the Miami Dolphins are an unlikely group. When the sun shines brightly on the artificial turf in the Orange Bowl the place seems more like a skating rink than a football field, yet their running backs navigate on it so well that one of them, Csonka, leads the American Football Conference in total yards gained and another, Jim Krick, who was hurt and hardly played Sunday, is fifth. They have one guard who had to melt down from 280 pounds

*continued*

*Striking downfield on 86-yard pass play, Warfield casts a wary eye for signs of pursuit.*







Csonka, Miami's 237-pound version of the Sundance Kid, splits two defenders and keeps the Steelers' defense honest for Griese's passes.

#### WHOOSH continued

to 265 to reach his full potential and another who turned to football to avoid being shot out of a cannon.

The two big runners are distinguished for a sense of humor almost as much as for their ability to rip through defensive lines. Csonka, the first draft pick for the Dolphins in 1968, was the AFC's No. 2 ground gamer in 1970, picking up 874 yards in 193 carries. He leads now with 617 yards in 113 carries, which averages out to almost 5½ yards a try. Running, opponents have found out, comes naturally to Larry.

"My high school coach in Stow, Ohio had played for Ben Schwartzwalder at Syracuse, so we ran," he said. "We also blocked and caught passes and did everything else you have to do to play football, including going both ways. I went to Syracuse because of him, and under Schwartzwalder it was the same. Of course, I didn't expect to break Jim

Brown's records or Floyd Little's, but it happened. I don't take too much credit for it."

Csonka is being overly modest. He is a bigger back than Brown; he took off 13 pounds in 1970 to add to his speed and quickness and that brought him down to 237. Yet at 6' 2", his weight is so well distributed that he in fact appears almost slim. He wears a small mustache and in general gives the impression of a man who enjoys himself very much playing football.

Csonka and Kuck exchange asides during a game, and one of the asides came as a result of their being nicknamed Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. Both of them like Western movies and Western music and once, after Kuck had been buried under a pile of Ram linemen, he climbed to his feet and used a line from the movie. "Who are those guys?" he said to Csonka as they went back to the huddle. "We aren't coming this way again."

They did, however, come that way again. They came often enough to beat the Rams 20-14.

Kuck led the conference in touchdowns scored by running in 1969, with nine, and added six more in 1970, but he didn't score this season until a game against the Patriots. The Dolphins built up a wide lead and Kuck took the ball in from the one-yard line.

"I was supposed to be leading the play," said Guard Larry Little, the man who shed 15 pounds to make the club. "I had never scored a touchdown in all the time I had been playing ball and I'm out there behind Jim with no one to block, so I hollered 'Lateral to me.' He just looked back and said 'Next time' and went on in with it."

"Kuck is all-round," says Shula. "He reminds me a little of Tom Matte. He runs real well, with good moves, and he blocks and he can catch the ball. He is a really fine football player."

Kuck, the Butch Cassidy of the pair,



is three inches shorter than Csonka, 22 pounds lighter and wears a Fu Manchu mustache. He played college football at Wyoming, far from his native New Jersey, and is frank in explaining how a New Jersey high school boy winds up in the wild West.

"My grades and college boards were not very good," he says. "I wanted to go to Penn State, or really anywhere in the East, but I didn't get that many offers. So I took Wyoming. Never had been there before and when I got off the plane, wow, it was just like the movies. You expected to see a shoot-out in the street."

He didn't regret the long trip. In his three years at Wyoming Kuck was an All-Western Athletic Conference tailback three times and took the Cowboys to the Sugar Bowl in 1968, the year Csonka was a rookie pro. He believes he experienced a greater change in moving from college to pro than did Csonka, but it was a pleasant one.

"At Wyoming I was bigger than some of our offensive linemen," he says. "When you're a back and you can see over your blockers, you're in trouble. When I run a sweep here, behind Little or Kuechenberg, the defensive players can't see me. It makes a difference."

Bob Kuechenberg is the other Dolphin guard. At 6' 2" and 247, he is not as big as Little, but he blocks well on sweeps. If he had been of the caliber of his father, he would probably be in the circus today instead of playing professional football.

"My dad was in a circus act when I was a kid," he says. "He got shot out of a cannon. One time he landed in the net wrong and broke his neck and while he was recovering my uncle took over, but he overshot the net and got hurt. I had a choice of going to college or into the cannon. I went to college."

He played at Notre Dame and was drafted fourth by the Eagles in 1969, then was waived to Atlanta and wound up the year playing with a minor league team in Chicago. Picked up as a free agent by the Dolphins, Kuechenberg has been a starting guard since halfway through the 1970 season.

"When I look at the defensive tackles in this league," he said ruefully before the Pittsburgh game, "I sometimes figure I would have been better off in the cannon."

Little was named the outstanding offensive lineman in the American Conference last year by the NFL Players Association, an honor he richly deserved, says Shula. "He has everything," the coach says. "Size, quickness, strength. He's a great blocker straight ahead or on traps or sweeps. He is going to be one of the really fine offensive linemen in the league."

Squarely built with tremendous chest, biceps and thighs, Little says he would rather block for the run than for the pass. "It gives you a chance to hit back. You block on the pass, you're dropping back, getting hit all the time, you got no chance to lay it on anyone."

Little, who played college ball at Bethune-Cookman, was with San Diego before he came to the Dolphins in 1969 for Defensive Back Mack Lamb.

"I talked to Sid Gillman two or three times about him," says Joe Thomas, Miami's director of player personnel. "I knew he wanted Lamb, but he offered me three or four different players and

every time I said, 'Sid, I want Little.' Finally, I told him not to call me unless he would say just one word. Little. And he did."

Another deal made by Thomas that helped change the Dolphins from a 3-10-1 team in 1969 to 10-4 in 1970 and a strong contender again in 1971 was the trade for Warfield, who had played for Cleveland throughout his pro career. The Browns were desperate for a first draft choice early enough in the draw to assure them a quality quarterback. Thomas had a quarterback—Griese—and a high draft choice.

"I was thinking in terms of Lance Alworth or a prime receiver like him," Thomas says. "I had talked to Art Modell, but we hadn't come close to a deal. One day he called me and when he said 'Paul Warfield' I took the phone away from my ear and couldn't talk for a minute. Then I made the deal and went home."

The trade has been as good as Thomas thought it would be; Warfield added a very important dimension to the Dolphin attack with his deep receptions and also, surprisingly—he is only 180 pounds and six feet tall—with his blocking.

"He's the only man I ever saw putting on moves when he's just walking," Mara once said.

"I guess he got that from training camp," Warfield says, smiling. "Sometimes when I'm walking along I think about the kind of moves I'm going to make, and I try them unconsciously."

Warfield was not exactly enchanted when he learned he had been traded to Miami, "but it has worked out very well for me," he says now. "This surface required some adjustments. When I make a sideline cut, which is the toughest pattern to run, I like to cut at a very sharp angle, but I've been rounding the cut a little here. I'll have to work on it more."

But more than individual players or any trades, it is Shula who has orchestrated the success of the Dolphins. Last week Marv Fleming, the big tight end who played most of his pro career with the Green Bay Packers during their years of glory, extended to his coach the ultimate compliment of an ex-Packer. "He's just like Vince Lombardi," he said. "You pay the price, but you get what you pay for." In Miami Sunday everybody but the Steelers got what he paid for.

END

# MINNIES WHO ARE NO MOOCHERS

Two goalies on the skids with other teams have been paying their way so handsomely in Minnesota that the North Stars have risen to unusual heights—Chicago's altitude—after years of just scuffling **by MARK MULVOY**

It was time for the phantoms to strike again in the dressing room of the Minnesota North Stars. Defenseman Tom Reid walked in, resplendent in a pair of white double-knit slacks. Fool. The phantom instantly produced a Magic Marker, and when Reid went out to practice all the North Stars lined up and autographed his pants.

"The phantom gets everyone," said Gump Worsley with a smile. Everyone, that is, except Gump and his goaltending sidekick, Cesare Maniago. As one of hockey's eldest statesmen, the 42-year-old Worsley has been granted immunity by the pranksters. Besides, Gump rarely is in good humor at the morning practices, and he would bluntly tell them to buzz off and don't bother him. Maniago grinned. "Since they don't trouble Gump, they don't trouble me, either," he said. "It's a fringe benefit, I guess."

The truth is that Worsley and Maniago are principally responsible for this injection of hilarity into what heretofore has been a somber team. Worsley, short and stout at 5' 6½" and 180 pounds, and Maniago, tall and lean at 6' 3" and 185 pounds, have been providing Minnesota's wild hockey fans with amazing goaltending. Through the first 14 games it was the best early-season exhibition of goaltending seen in the NHL in 18 years, and as a result the upstart expansionists were performing the astonishing feat of keeping pace with the Chicago Black Hawks at the top of the West Division.

But, alas, Worsley's immunity is not binding on the shooters of hockey's best team. Last Saturday night at the screaming Met in Bloomington, Minn., Worsley—playing without a mask, as usual, because "my face is my mask"—gave up five goals to the Montreal Canadiens as his counterpart, Ken Dryden, yielded only one. This topped Worsley's implausible one-goal-a-game average to a merely sensational 1.5. It was, his fans devoutly hoped, a fleeting aberration. Most likely their wishes will come true.



Gump Worsley, 42, one of the last goalies playing without a mask, has a brilliant orange.

With a vengeance Minnesota seems to have displaced St. Louis as the best of the expansion teams.

"We're playing well," Worsley admits, "but usually it's like a cakewalk back there. The forwards are always backchecking now, and the defensemen rarely get caught. I see only 26 or 27 shots a game and maybe only 10 of them are inside 30 feet. If things continue like this, I might play until I'm 52."

And what about the 32-year-old Maniago? "I see the old man kicking them out," he says, "and I get embarrassed at times. But he's right when he says the people up front are making our job easier. I remember the old days here, when I'd make 45 or 50 saves a game and we'd win or lose 5-4. We were spectacular then. Now we're like the Vi-

king. We beat you with great defense."

Ironically, both Worsley and Maniago were supposed to be washed-out rejects when they arrived in Minnesota. Particularly Gump. He had started the 1969-70 season with the Canadiens, but he jumped the team in December after a bumpy flight from Montreal to Chicago. "It was a nervous flier anyway," he says, "and this flight was awful. My nerves were shot, so I quit." He stayed away for two months and, in truth, he never expected to play again.

"I ended up at the shrinker," he says. "He told me to stay away." Worsley did, but one day Wren Blair, the general manager of the North Stars, called him at his home in Montreal. "I told him I didn't want to play, that I was finished," Worsley says, "but he kept ask-

ing me just to come out to Minnesota and look around."

Like most athletes, Worsley immediately discovered that Minnesota is a perfect place to play, especially if you are old and tired of the pressure of the big cities. "I couldn't believe it," he says. "Everything was so handy, and the people didn't know how to be mean to you. And I could see that there was no great mental pressure playing here. In Montreal if you lost two games in a row, there was hell to pay. You'd go to a golf course, or a bar, and the people would get on your back and call you a bum. I didn't need that anymore."

Worsley signed with the North Stars and led them into the playoffs on the last weekend of the season. Still, he was reluctant to play the following year. "The game had been good to me," he says. "I didn't want to steal from it."

Blair, however, convinced Worsley that he surely had at least another year in him. Worsley left the decision to his wife Doreen. "If she likes Minnesota, I'll come," he said. When Doreen arrived she was swamped with invitations to luncheons and dinners and tea parties. "She loved that."

So Worsley signed a one-year contract for more money than he had ever earned before. His base pay was \$37,500, and there would be a bonus of \$1,000 for every victory, \$500 for every tie and \$100 for every shutout. However, Worsley pulled a groin muscle early in that 1970-71 season and won only four games in 24 starts.

"Now I figured I was really finished," he says. "I knew Minnesota could not protect me in the draft, and I could not see myself playing for a real bad team ever again. I did my time with the old New York Rangers back in the '50s." But Worsley survived the draft, and signed the same contract, including the bonus arrangements. When he went to training camp this fall in Winnipeg he was feeling sharp. "I rarely have a drink now, and I never have breakfast," he says. "They used to call me a beer belly, remember? I never drank beer. My belly was pure rye and ginger ale. But not anymore."

Maniago, meanwhile, does not begrudge Worsley his handsome salary—including \$6,000 in bonuses already this

season. "Gump put in his time, and he never made big money until he came here," Cesare says. "I hope he makes all he can." When Maniago went to the North Stars in the original expansion draft in 1967, he, like Worsley, brought

worse. "Emile Francis asked me how I felt when I came back to the bench from the doctor's room," Maniago recalls. "I told him I felt lousy. I did. That was no lie."

Francis kept Maniago on the bench,



Cesare Maniago, 22, once a host of record scorers, blossomed when Worsley brought relief.

along a distinctive reputation. "I was, remember, the man who gave up Bernie Geoffrion's 50th goal and Bobby Hull's record 51st goal," Maniago says. "Every time I played in those years, it seemed I was giving up a record to someone. Why, one night in Detroit Gordie Howe and Alex Delvecchio both set records on the same goal."

The most severe rap against Maniago concerned his courage. ("Imagine questioning a goalie's courage," Worsley says.) Maniago played for the Rangers in 1966-67, and one night he was hit in the mouth by a puck and had to leave a game that New York was leading 3-1 over Boston. He had had some teeth knocked out in a game at Toronto a few days before, and the new stitches from the Boston game made things

and they both watched as his replacement, Ed Giacomin, permitted two easy goals that allowed Boston to tie the game.

"The next day Francis blew his top and said I was the reason the Rangers hadn't won," Maniago says. "I didn't play very much in New York after that."

Since joining the North Stars, Maniago has been consistently outstanding, even while playing with his jaw wired at one stage. Until Blair acquired Worsley, though, Maniago had to take all the important games and most of the craps, too. "It's impossible to play every game," he says. "I got tired."

With the Gump around, he doesn't have to play 'em all anymore. And if they need him, of course, Blair and Coach Jack Gordon can always dress the phantom.

END

# YOU CAN'T BLAME A GIRL FOR TRYING

*The filly Numbered Account was eyeing more than just a divisional championship—she was after Horse of the Year honors, too—when she took on the colts in the rich Garden State Stakes* **by WHITNEY TOWER**



The money is always enticing—this year \$176,000 awaited the winner—but the Garden State Stakes for 2-year-olds has sometimes been more of a jinx than a stepping-stone to glory. For instance, only one victor in the race, Carry Back, has gone on to take the Kentucky Derby. But never mind superstition. Never mind money. Last week more was at stake in the 19th running of the mile-and-a-sixteenth race. The outcome would decide whether a colt or a filly—Women's Lib was threatening—would be 2-year-old champion, and there also was a possibility that whoever finished first would be voted Horse of the Year.

The tussle was to be between Riva Ridge, winner of six races (he had lost two others but had good excuses for both defeats), and Numbered Account, who had been successful in eight of her nine starts and was touted as the best juvenile of her sex since Top Flight 40 years ago.

Except for dispensing buttons marked "I'm for the King" and "I'm for the Queen" to partisans in the crowd, the racetrack needed no far-fetched gimmicks to build up the \$294,000 event. There was genuine interest in how Numbered Account would perform; she was the first filly ever to run in the race. The opposition would be stronger than any she had faced to date, but if she won, the daughter of Buckpasser might become the first 2-year-old filly ever chosen as Horse of the Year.

The rivalry between the two was intensified because the horses were trained by a father and son. Lucien Laurin, a 59-year-old former jockey, handled Riva Ridge. Roger Laurin, 36, trained Numbered Account. Ironically, Roger had Riva Ridge in his barn earlier in the season but had given up the son of First Landing before he made his first start. At the time the younger Laurin was train-

ing for Mrs. John Tweedy, who runs Meadow Stable for her ailing father, Christopher T. Chenery, and owns Riva Ridge. However, when Eddie Neloy, the trainer of the powerful Phipps stable, died suddenly, Roger Laurin was offered that job. He took it and turned over the Tweedy horses to his father. Finding Numbered Account in the Phipps barn must have been no small solace.

"All these things are making for a good race," said Lucien Laurin before the event. "Perhaps I am more confident than I should be, but I have always believed, as they say in the trade, a good big colt should beat a good big filly. Numbered Account may be more than a good filly, of course. But were she mine I would not run her. All but one of the colts she will face have gone a mile or over this season, and that makes a difference. Maybe she'll beat the dickens out of us, but I don't think so."

The wisdom of a father can still prevail in this age of unkempt hair and unwashed blue jeans, and one of those infrequent moments occurred at Garden State on Saturday. Riva Ridge, ridden coolly and patiently by Ron Turcotte, won with ease by 2½ lengths. A 52-to-1 shot named Freetex closed rapidly to be second. A slim neck farther back was Key to the Mint, and the fabled filly had to settle for fourth. Numbered Account had maintained good position throughout the race and saved ground on the rail but she had none of her usual stretch kick this time. She was beaten a length and three-quarters by Key to the Mint and nearly 4½ lengths by Riva Ridge. With her three-pound weight allowance—119 to 122 for the colts—she had no apparent excuse. The track was fast, although deep, and the race was run in moderate time, 1:43½.

The event was not as exciting as it

promised to be. Explodent shot off to a wide lead at the start as Riva Ridge broke slowly. He was pinched back in the field of eight, but as the horses went up the backstretch and Explodent tired, the Tweedy colt moved into third and Numbered Account into fourth. The stage seemed set for a duel, but it never came off. Explodent quit and Key to the Mint took the lead; he held it until the eighth pole when Riva Ridge surged by. All eyes turned to Numbered Account, but as her rider Braulio Bueza stated matter-of-factly later, "She didn't run her best race." She had an open path on the inside but could not make the most of it, and from midstretch home it was a contest only for second money.

After accepting the trophy from New Jersey Governor William Cahill, Penny Tweedy attended a champagne pouring. "I really wasn't all that worried," she said. "You know, we didn't want to run our colt in this race, but when we heard the filly was going to give it a try, we couldn't very well let her win it and the titles by default, could we?"

A filly winning all the laurels—this year or any year—was a much debated question the week prior to the race. Most trainers disagreed with Roger Laurin's theory of running females against males. The capable horseman, who got his trainer's license at 17 and set out to seek his fortune with a string of horses at Maine's Scarborough Downs, declared, "No matter what age your filly or mare is, I think if she is right and if the weights are right you should run against colts. Winning never hurts a horse; losing does." Racing people, for the most part, feel that fillies can be more precocious

*The winner, Riva Ridge (No. 5), was pinched at the start, but the setback was momentary.*

than colts and beat them occasionally. It used to happen quite often on the old Widener Chute course at Belmont, a 6½-furlong straightaway. The more turns in a race, horsemen believe, the greater the disadvantage for a filly.

Before the big race one trainer said, "Numbered Account may be the best filly we've seen in this country in decades, but what in God's name do her people want of her? She is already the filly champion. She has such a grand future ahead of her, what they are doing to her here is criminal."

Over the years some fine fillies have beaten colts and won national acclaim. Regret is the only one ever to win a Kentucky Derby, but Top Flight beat the boys, as did First Flight, Twilight Tear, Bug Brush, Silver Spoon and, most recently, Drumtop and Shuvee. On the other hand, Priceless Gem beat Buckpasser in a Futurity and was never the same again.

Who gave the order to put Numbered Account to the supreme test? "Mr. Phipps never put any pressure on me to do anything I didn't feel was right,"

said Roger Laurin. "We looked at it this way: neither of us might ever again be in a position like this, able to beat the best colt in a championship race. And let's face it. If we win, we could be Horse of the Year. We came to this conclusion together and have decided it is the right thing to do."

About the same time, Lucien Laurin was offering additional reasons why, if he were Roger, he wouldn't chance running the filly. "I don't like a horse's races too close together, and Numbered Account has just won The Gardenia," Lucien said.

Former Calumet Trainer Jimmy Jones was asked his opinion. In the 1940s he trained Twilight Tear and at three she beat colts; he thinks she probably could have beaten them just as well at two. He said, "If the decision to start Numbered Account were up to me, it would depend somewhat on the money situation. If I'd paid my bills I wouldn't try it. If I hadn't paid my bills—or thought I might not be able to—I would probably be tempted to take a crack at the colts."

Now that he is indisputably champion—and an earner of \$503,263 (Buckpasser holds the record for 2-year-olds: \$568,096)—Riva Ridge will get a well-deserved rest. "He's been to school this season," says Lucien Laurin, "and, like a kid with brains, he's been learning. He now rates easily. In this Garden State, after a poor start, he discovered it wasn't impossible to get through between horses. I've had a lot of nice horses in the 30 years I've trained—Quill, Amberoid, Drone, Dike, Jay Ray and Repeating. I think Riva Ridge may be the best of all of them."

Jack and Penny Tweedy, who first came to Garden State on a horrible rainy afternoon in 1958 when Meadow Stable's First Landing won his Garden State Stakes, hope so too. As the colt (he is named for an assault target in the Italian Apennines where Tweedy served during World War II in the 10th Mountain Division) was being led back to his barn, Mrs. Tweedy raised her glass and smiled, thinking of the future. "Wouldn't it be nice to do this over again at next year's Kentucky Derby?" she said.

END





**1925, NOTRE DAME-STANFORD:** Knute Rockne took his Four Horsemen to the Rose Bowl where they galloped—Don Miller is doing it here—to a 27-10 win.



**1966, MICHIGAN STATE-NOTRE DAME:** Barefooted Dick Kenney's field goal put State ahead 10-0, but the Irish came back to—you remember—the it.



**1997, USC-UCLA:** It was O. J. Simpson against Gary Beban, O.J. providing two dramatic runs in the Trojans' 21-20 victory.

**1989, TEXAS-ARKANSAS:** After the Longhorns rallied to make the score 14-14, the winning extra point sent them skyward.



**1942, ARMY-NOTRE DAME:** Glenn Davis (41) and Doc Blanchard (35) challenged Johnny Lujack in their 0-0 classic.



# THIS YEAR'S GAME OF THE DECADE

In college football there is this thing called the Game of the Decade and it always seems to be lurking in the doorway, like a Nebraska Cornhusker in a funny red hat or an Oklahoma Sooner in a funny red vest. A Game of the Decade is a rather special kind of contest, something on the order of a Crucial Showdown or a Battle of Giants or maybe even a Game of the Century. And no matter how often they play one, a Game of the Decade is a combination of all that is wonderful and insane about college football.

It develops slowly. It starts out with a couple of teams like Nebraska and Oklahoma beating everybody in sight by six or seven touchdowns early in the season. As a result—and this is an essential ingredient—the two teams are ranked high in the national polls, preferably first and second. Then around mid-October everybody realizes that Nebraska and Oklahoma are not going to lose a game until late in the year when they meet each other (see cover). In, of course, a Game of the Decade.

As far as the 1971 supergame is concerned, it took a vastly surprising Oklahoma team to create the excitement. In early September it was obvious that Nebraska would hardly be exercised until Thanksgiving Day in Norman, when there would be this minor irritation, this remote possibility of an upset should the Sooners get high enough. That was fine, and Nebraska started off as expected—by burying everybody. Even Bob Devaney was moved to admit that his Cornhuskers might win a few.

While this was going on, though, Oklahoma was turning out to be more of a sprint relay team than a football team, and when the Sooners ran circles around three excellent foes—USC, Texas and Colorado—on successive Saturdays, it suddenly occurred to a lot of people that on Nov. 25 there was going to be another Game of the Decade.

Now the two teams are there, as last week Nebraska braved its way over Kansas State 44-17 and Oklahoma sprinted past Kansas 56-10. So, next week, get set for No. 1 Nebraska (10-0) against No. 2 Oklahoma (9-0) in still another of college football's gigantic, colossal, breathtaking, polldown Battle of Giants. Maybe even Game of the Century.

One of the most important things to understand about these Games is that they are sometimes more nerve-tangling

before they get played than after they are over—when all of the players, coaches and fans, plus town, region and state of the winning school are stopping downtown traffic and when the losers are looking for a high ledge. Any old football-wise observer knows there is no more miserable creature in the world than a man whose team has lost a Game of the Decade, even on a fluke play, and at the same time there is nothing in the world more insufferable than a man whose team has won a Game of the Decade, even by pure theft.

As Darrell Royal of Texas once observed, "It's the fans who make it bigger than it is. For the players and coaches, it's just a big game. For some fans, it's something they might have to live with forever."

To be rather sticky about it, there are two different kinds of Games of the Decade. There is the mini-Game and there is the real Game. In the first a contest develops between a couple of teams that simply appear to be the best of the year, regardless of their records, teams that may have lost one or tied one along the way—as, for instance, the USC-UCLA happening of 1967.

The second kind is larger, and less frequent, but it has happened before. The teams involved should be undefeated and ranked No. 1 and 2, and they should meet late in the season. Which is to say that Nebraska and Oklahoma haven't invented anything. There have been many such classics, well remembered by historians, the most famous of which are listed on the next page.

The Nebraska-Oklahoma Game of the Decade seems to fall most comfortably into a category including these gems: Texas-Arkansas '69, Notre Dame-Michigan State '66, Notre Dame-Army '46 (which in some ways is in a class all by itself), Michigan-Minnesota '40 and TCU-SMU '35, games that were colorfully known, in order, as The Big Shoot-out, The Game of the Year, The Game of the Century, The Battle of Giants and The Aerial Circus.

History tells us a few things we might expect from Nebraska and Oklahoma. For instance, it is a good bet that the game will be exciting, full of suspense. The home field seems to mean little, since visitors have won as many Games of the Decade as they have lost. Nor does being a favorite mean much, since the underdog has won half the time.

*continued*

by **DAN JENKINS**

Nebraska and Oklahoma, the top-ranked teams in the nation, meet next week in the kind of epic battle that turns up in college football with delightful frequency

## DOWN MEMORY LANE WITH THE BIG GAME

These 25 college football games, played over the past 65 years, were perhaps the most publicized in the history of the sport, both before and after they were played. Each one stimulated interest and excitement far beyond its region and in most instances a national championship rested on the outcome.

DATE	SITE	OPPONENTS, RECORDS	COACHES, STAR PLAYERS	RESULT
Dec. 6, 1909	Fayetteville, Ark.	TEXAS (9-0) vs. ARKANSAS (3-0)	Carroll Royal, James Street, qb Frank Brylles, Bill Montgomery, qb	15-14 Texas
Jan. 1, 1909	Rose Bowl	OHIO STATE (3-0) vs. USC (9-0-1)	Woody Hayes, Rex Kerr, qb John McKay, G. J. Simpson, hb	27-15 OSU
Nov. 16, 1907	Los Angeles	UCLA (7-0-1) vs. USC (8-1)	Tennys Prothro, Gary Beban, qb John McKay, G. J. Simpson, hb	21-20 USC
Nov. 19, 1906	East Lansing, Mich.	NOTRE DAME (8-0) vs. MICHIGAN STATE (3-0)	Ara Parseghian, Jim Seymour, e Duffy Daugherty, Bubba Smith, e	10-10 Tie
Jan. 1, 1904	Cotton Bowl	NAVY (9-1) vs. TEXAS (10-0)	Wayne Hardin, Roger Staubach, qb Carroll Royal, Tommy Nobis, fb	28-6 Texas
Jan. 1, 1903	Rose Bowl	WISCONSIN (8-1) vs. USC (10-0)	Milt Bruhn, Ron VanderKelen, qb John McKay, Pete Beathard, qb	42-37 USC
Oct. 31, 1909	Baton Rouge, La.	MISSISSIPPI (6-0) vs. LSU (5-0)	Johnny Vaughn, Pete Gibbs, qb Paul Dietzel, Billy Caneen, hb	7-3 LSU
Nov. 10, 1906	Atlanta, Ga.	TENNESSEE (8-0) vs. GEORGIA TECH (6-0)	Bowden Wyatt, Johnny Majors, hb Bobby Oost, Paul Rittenberry, hb	6-0 Tenn.
Jan. 2, 1906	Orange Bowl	OKLAHOMA (10-0) vs. MARYLAND (10-0)	Bud Wilkinson, Tommy McDonald, hb Jim Tolan, Ed Veseh, hb	20-6 Okla.
Jan. 1, 1902	Sugar Bowl	TENNESSEE (10-0) vs. MARYLAND (9-0)	Bob Neyland, Hank Luncette, hb Jim Tolan, Ed Modzelewski, fb	28-13 Maryland
Nov. 1, 1901	Oallas, Texas	TEXAS (6-0) vs. SMU (5-0)	Blair Cherry, Bobby Layne, qb Matty Ball, Oak Walker, hb	14-13 SMU
Nov. 9, 1900	New York City	NOTRE DAME (5-0) vs. ARMY (7-0)	Frank Leahy, Johnny Lajack, qb Red Blaik, Blanchard & Owen Jr., hb	0-0 Tie
Oct. 30, 1902	Atlanta, Ga.	GEORGIA (6-0) vs. ALABAMA (5-0)	Wally Butts, Frank Sinkwich, hb Frank Thomas, Joe Doanmawich, c	21-10 Ga.
Nov. 9, 1900	Minneapolis, Minn.	MICHIGAN (5-0) vs. MINNESOTA (5-0)	Fritz Crisler, Tom Harmon, hb Bernie Bierman, Bruce Smith, hb	7-6 Minn.
Oct. 16, 1900	New York City	PITTSBURGH (3-0) vs. FORDHAM (3-0)	Jack Sutherland, Marshall Goldberg, hb Jim Crowley, Alex Wojciechowski, c	0-0 Tie
Nov. 30, 1905	Fort Worth, Texas	TCU (10-0) vs. SMU (10-0)	Quick Meyer, Sam Baugh, qb Matty Ball, Bobby Wilson, hb	20-14 SMU
Oct. 20, 1904	Pittsburgh, Pa.	MINNESOTA (2-0) vs. PITTSBURGH (3-0)	Bernie Bierman, Pat Lund, hb Jack Sutherland, Izzy Weinstein, fb	13-7 Minn.
Jan. 1, 1902	Rose Bowl	TULANE (11-0) vs. USC (9-1)	Bernie Bierman, Doc Zimmerman, hb Howard Jones, Erny Prockert, hb	21-12 USC
Nov. 22, 1900	Evansston, Ill.	NOTRE DAME (7-0) vs. NORTHWESTERN (7-0)	Kneale Rockne, Marcy Schwartz, hb Ock Hanley, Frank Baker, e	14-0 N. O.
Nov. 16, 1909	Chicago, Ill.	NOTRE DAME (5-0) vs. USC (5-1)	Kneale Rockne, Frank Cardozo, qb Howard Jones, Russ Saunders, hb	13-12 N. O.
Nov. 27, 1905	Chicago, Ill.	ARMY (7-1) vs. NAVY (9-0)	Bill Jones, Red Cagle, hb Bill Ingram, Tom Hamilton, hb	21-21 Tie
Jan. 1, 1905	Rose Bowl	NOTRE DAME (9-0) vs. STANFORD (7-0-1)	Kneale Rockne, The Four Horsemen Pop Warner, Ernie Nevers, fb	27-10 N. O.
Nov. 11, 1911	Cambridge, Mass.	HARVARD (5-1) vs. CARLISLE (5-0)	Percy Haughton, Percy Wendell, hb Pop Warner, Jim Thorpe, hb	18-15 Carl.
Nov. 29, 1909	Cambridge, Mass.	YALE (9-0) vs. HARVARD (8-0)	Howard Jones, Ted Coy, hb Percy Haughton, Hamilton Fish, t	2-0 Yale
Nov. 23, 1905	Chicago, Ill.	MICHIGAN (12-0) vs. CHICAGO (9-0)	Friedrick Yost, Germany Schultz, c Amos Alonzo Stagg, Walter Eckersall, qb	2-0 Chi.

## GAME OF DECADE continued

The most revealing fact of all is that the team most reliant on the forward pass tends to lose. This could be taken as a bad omen for Nebraska. But it is also true that the team that wins the big game usually does it with the aid of a pass—somewhere, somehow.

It emerges that the average number of Games of the Decade in, alas, a decade is four. Roughly every other season one comes along, one with the necessary ingredients of a long and proper buildup, unbeaten opponents, a national honor at stake and, when possible, some glamorous stars, if not an O.J. Simpson or a Bubba Smith or a Tom Harmon or a Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard, at least a Jerry Tagge, a Jack Maldren, a Greg Pruitt and a Johnny Rodgers.

The decade which produced the most big games between No. 1 and No. 2 teams was the 1960s. Virtually every season, in a bowl if nowhere else, a No. 1 met a No. 2, or at least a No. 3. But the best single season for Games of the Decade was 1935 when there were three that captured the fancy of everyone. First, at midseason, Notre Dame and Ohio State, undefeated and united, met at Columbus, and the Irish won in the last minute 13-13. A few weeks later Princeton and Dartmouth, undefeated and united, met in a blizzard at Palmer Stadium, and the Tigers romped 26-6.

With these two Games of the Decade out of the way, the nation turned to a new arena which was struggling for attention, the Southwest. Thus, on Nov. 30, a week after Princeton-Dartmouth, 40,000 converged on a 24,000-seat stadium in Fort Worth for a TCU-SMU encounter that would decide the Rose Bowl invitation and the winner of the Knute Rockne trophy for the national championship.

All of the world's leading football authorities, including Grantland Rice, were present that day in a bewildered Texas city to get bewildered themselves by a fellow named Sam Baugh, who threw 43 passes, an unheard-of number in those days. SMU won, despite Baugh, in a 20-14 classic decided on a sensational pass play, while people drove their automobiles through wire fences in order to get near the field.

These days, happily, no such measures are necessary in order for even 40 million people to watch a Game of the Decade. Most of the games have been turning up on television, and so will Ne-

continued



## 200 CLOSE SHAVES WITHOUT CHANGING BLADES.

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One for each edge.

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With blades that will give you a nice, clean, close shave up to 200 mornings in a row.

In case you haven't already guessed, the blades are made to fit into any new Remington electric shaver.

Wait. We know you made up your mind a long time ago that electric shavers just don't shave close.

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They're four times sharper than anything we've ever put on the market. And they can give you the kind of close shave you never thought you could get out of an electric.

There is one catch. Like all truly sharp blades these will go dull. And somewhere around your 200th shave you'll have to replace them with a new set.

It takes about 20 seconds. And it costs about \$1.95. That's a lot less than 5 or 6 months' worth of regular blades. (Not to mention shaving cream and styptic pencils.)

If we haven't sold you on a Remington with disposable blades yet, it's probably because you have one big question left.

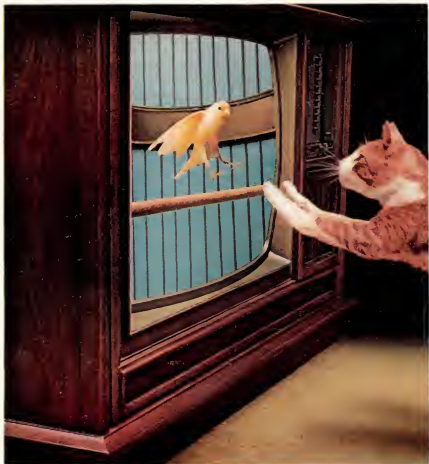
How come Remington came up with such long lasting sharp blades? Why didn't the razor blade people think of it first?

Well, maybe it's because they're in business to sell razor blades.

And we're in business to sell shavers.

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Dramatized television picture

## The story of the (Or how to remember how real

The photograph above is a dramatization of something that actually happened.

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Of course, GTE Sylvania engineers would be happy to do so. Likewise our dealers. And set owners too.

But they could be biased. Besides, we wanted to do it in a way you'd remember.

We did. In a dramatization that's on the air now.

It's a commercial (if you haven't seen it) that starts with a cat at an open window.

He's looking into a room in which a film of a canary



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## cat and the canary.

(The picture can look on color television.)

is being shown on a Sylvania color set.

The cat stands there watching the film...his head moving with the movement of the picture on the screen.

Silently he drops to the floor. Slowly, as if stalking his prey, he starts toward the set.

As the cat nears the set he stops. Snarls. And then

...springs.

We hope you'll remember this little dramatization when you're shopping for a color television set.

Especially if you want a really real-looking picture.

**GTE SYLVANIA**  
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## Introducing the Toyota Celica ST. (Some economy car.)

A tachometer and radial tires aren't usual on an economy car. A dash, console and shift knob that look like wood aren't very common either. Nor are hood vents and rally stripes.

But they're all on the new Toyota Celica ST. And they're all standard.

Economy cars don't usually make the hall of fame for their

power. But the Celica might. It has a powerful single overhead cam engine that's red-lined at 6200 rpm. And a transmission that's fully synchromeshed through all four forward gears.

The Celica has what it takes to stop, too. Front disc brakes. Also standard.

Inside, the Celica comes with an electric rear window defogger, fully reclining bucket seats, vinyl upholstery, padded dash, wall-to-wall carpeting, an electric clock. Even an AM radio is standard.

Of course, there are a few

options. But very few. Air conditioning and stereo tape deck. That's it.

How can we call the Celica ST an economy car?

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A surprisingly small price.

And for the most obvious reason of all. It's a Toyota.

Some economy car.

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braska-Oklahoma, at 2:30 E.S.T., check your local listings.

This particular Game of the Decade will match two teams as different as sprinters and weight lifters. Nebraska is a complete team, coupling a well-balanced attack with an iron defense. Oklahoma is all offense, most of it rushing out of the fashionable Wishbone T. Nebraska likes to probe and hammer, run and pass, work toward field position, and hold that line. Oklahoma only wants the football, and it will almost collapse that line in order to get it, the theory being that the Sooners will simply outscore you.

The statistics are telling on both sides. Devaney's Cornhuskers have allowed only 172 yards per game—best in the U.S.—and a mere 6.4 points per game, while offending for 441 yards per game.

Meanwhile, Oklahoma has rushed for 481 yards per game, has a total offense of 563 yards per game and has scored 43 points per game—all tops in the country.

Nebraska thinks of itself as a team without stars, but stars have emerged. Jerry Tagge, the quarterback, is a star. He is big, strong, can pass to perfection, read defenses and lead. Johnny Rodgers is a game-breaker at running, catching and returning.

When Tagge passes and Rodgers catches, Nebraska can strike as quickly as Oklahoma does when Jack Mildren keeps the football or pitches it out to Greg Pruitt, Joe Wylie or Roy Bell on the triple option.

Both Tagge and Mildren are way up in there in total offense for the year, but they got there by different routes. Tagge has passed his way. Mildren has run, but each can do the other better than one might suspect. Interestingly, the touchdown ratio for each player is nearly equal. By throwing and running, Tagge and Mildren have accounted for 20 and 21 scores, respectively. And that's what counts. For all the fame of Auburn's Pat Sullivan and Washington's Sonny Sorker, Tagge and Mildren might be the two best college quarterbacks in the land. Certainly the most complete.

As for blazing Greg Pruitt's impressive rushing statistics (1,423 yards in nine games), Nebraska can counter with those of Jeff Kinney and Gary Dixon, who share the same position. Nebraska's I back. Together they've gained 1,257 yards, most of it the hard way, but al-

ways churning forward. This means Nebraska runs, too.

In a sense, the game will match two different attitudes and systems, Nebraska representing the old, Oklahoma the new. In an era when the triple option and Wishbone are dominating the style of play, Nebraska has stuck with an I formation and all the variations Devaney can devise.

Oklahoma's Wishbone is more than the name, however. Coach Chuck Fairbanks, who installed it after last season began, has more speed than any team that has ever tried to play it. Pruitt is a streak, and so are Wylie and Bell. And Mildren is a player for whom the attack is perfect. He is a strong, fast, savvy operator who understands the offense. He reads the options and has the knack of being able to pitch the ball a greater distance—sometimes 20 yards, out to Pruitt—with more accuracy than any quarterback who has run it.

As both teams believe in their abilities to move the football, the question then is which team seems more capable of slowing down the other. Statistics would indicate that this edge belongs to Nebraska. But Oklahoma has played stronger teams outside the conference, like USC and Texas. So maybe the statistics are misleading.

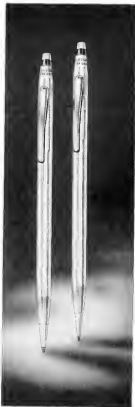
Bringing it down to their five common opponents in the Big Eight, one can find edges for both. Oklahoma scored the more points. Nebraska showed the stiffer defense. They both won easily every week.

The one alarming figure in Oklahoma's disfavor—and one which surely gives hope to every Nebraskan—is the outrageous number of times Oklahoma has fumbled. The Sooners have managed to lose almost three fumbles per game. But without slowing down.

Can Oklahoma lose three fumbles and beat Nebraska? Probably not. But can Nebraska outscore an Oklahoma Wishbone that does not lose three fumbles? Probably not.

The answer to the enigma then lies in faster, more deceptive Oklahoma's ability to operate the most devastating attack in football today. Nobody really stops the triple option, because it has the enemy outnumbered. It stops itself. If the Sooners do not stop themselves, then they will win something that might be called—hey, gang, why not call it the Game of the Decade?

END



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HARVARD'S ERIC GRONE TUMBLED, BUT THE CRIMSON STILL CAME OUT ON TOP

## AND THE CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT ANOTHER 'THE GAME'



by **MAYBERRY FITZGERALD**  
as told to **GEORGE PLIMPTON**

Now here it is, time for Harvard to play Yale once again, and high time to reveal the inside story of the 1970 contest. What you are about to read is known only to a select end, let's face it, distinctly peculiar few



Mayberry Fitzgerald was a member of the 1970 Yale University football team, a sophomore, listed in the program as No. 68. He continues to live in a sparsely decorated room in Trumbull College, and his future plans are nebulous, though he feels he will eventually stumble into business administration. His build is hefty, and he is strong, particularly in the arms and shoulders. He sports a very minor mustache that is a source of embarrassment because it refuses to luxuriate. He plays, by his own account, a fair tuba (he gravitated to tubas early, largely as the result of a passing remark of his high school bandmaster to the effect that his build was just right for "holding the thing up"), and his choice as the summer of 1970 drew to a close was whether to perform in the tuba section of the Yale band or to try out for the football team. He was persuaded by a senous-minded friend to essay the latter, on the grounds that three years of football might stand him in better stead for a business career than the equivalent time spent tooting a tuba.

Fitzgerald never quite believed the logic of his friend's argument—that a tuba was less of a success symbol than a football—but it was enough to tip him into a decision: he tried out for the football team and made it, though just barely. There were times, standing on the sidelines during games, when he would turn and look up with a certain longing at the big array of tubas at the back of the band; at least the tuba players were enjoying some activity. His own activity, up to the Harvard game, had been limited during the season to a total of three minutes of football against Brown. By the time of the Harvard game, Fitzgerald's hope to gain more playing time rested largely in Yale's running up a big score so the reserves would be sent in. Yale was favored, but as soon as the game began at Cambridge it was evident that Harvard was inspired.

Fitzgerald remembers only a few things about the game itself. He recalls a Harvard cheerleader dressed as a Puritan tugging with some Yale counterparts just up the bench from him, and he remembers grinning broadly as one of the Yale coed cheerleaders hit the Puritan with her megaphone. "It made a big-thunk sound. Very satisfactory," said Fitzgerald.

However, with four minutes to go,

even his attention was directed to the game. Harvard was ahead 14-10, but Yale had the ball on its 20-yard line, from which point it moved briskly for 60 yards to the Harvard 20. Here Yale stalled. Passes on third and fourth downs failed, and possession of the ball went to Harvard, with only one minute and 16 seconds left. The handkerchiefs began to come out on the Harvard side, and Fitzgerald, looking across at the defensive display, felt such a wave of impatient anger that his hands began to shake.

Just then he was startled to hear the Yale defensive coach, Bill Narduzzi, shouting at him—ordering him to go in at left tackle for Tom Neville. "It took a while for it to register," Fitzgerald recalled. "I stared at him. He kept shouting at me. Then I felt this tremendous exhilaration. The fact that Yale was losing disappeared from my mind. I ran onto the field."

Thus Mayberry Fitzgerald was involved in the extraordinary last play of the game, and indeed, being on the scene, was in a perfect position to see what actually happened. With 10 seconds to go, the Harvard quarterback, Eric Crone, had simply to take the center's snap and fall on the ball, protecting it, he would hear the distant 4-3-2-1 countdown from the Harvard crowd, and the game would be over.

What Crone did stunned everyone in the stadium, including himself. Later, quizzed by newsmen, he said he wasn't quite sure what had crossed his mind. At the snap he had taken the ball and run backwards into his own end zone, holding the ball aloft, somewhat in the style of an Olympic runner carrying the lighted torch. He then stopped in the midst of a considerable crowd that had materialized in the end zone, people pouring down from the stands, and it was here, standing amongst them, that Crone realized his strange tactic had left him open to two possibilities—being tackled by Yale players for a safety (two points for Yale, but still a 14-12 Harvard victory) or, if he fumbled in the course of the tackle and Yale recovered, a touchdown and an abrupt Yale victory.

What officially happened was that the Yale roverback, Ron Kell, No. 40, pushed his way through the crowd, reached for Crone and upended him in the hope the ball would squirt free. Crone

lay briefly in a fetal position. Two officials were standing close by. One of them made the signal for the safety, facing the press box up on the rim of Harvard Stadium, to indicate that Yale had scored two points and the final score had changed to 14-12.

Mayberry Fitzgerald was standing in the end zone right next to Crone, and he saw something quite different. He had not been particularly pleased with his own performance on that last play. In fact, when the play started he had discovered his chin strap was dangling loose, and as Crone got the ball Fitzgerald was still trying to snap the strap tight, his hands fumbling about his helmet. "The Harvard man took me out of the play pretty easily," Fitzgerald recalled. "I mean, with my hands up, trying to find that little button snap on the side of the helmet, I just wasn't ready for him."

Still, Fitzgerald managed to slide off the block with fair success, and he was only a yard or so behind his teammate Kell, in pursuit of Crone into the end zone. When Crone was upended, he happened to have a clear lane of sight through the crowd that allowed him to see a youngster wearing a denim jacket with the words WALTHAM BLUE BUNNETS stenciled on the back reach in and snatch the ball.

"I just happened to be in the right position," Fitzgerald said to this reporter later. "Even Kell didn't know. But I had seen it as Crone was going down, this kid, this pinched-face kid, reaching in like a ferret and snatching the ball, just as neat and quick as a shoplifter's move. I even think he was surprised himself. I mean, he'd made this instinctive move, and he'd come up with the prize, almost by chance. He saw me looking at him. His mouth dropped. He wasn't more than a foot or so away. I made a grab for the ball and got my fingers on it. I remember thinking it was the first time that season I'd touched a football. It's not an opportunity that defensive tackles often get. But this kid had a solid grip on it, and he turned and was gone. I thought vaguely of running after him. I began to wonder what would happen if I got the ball from him and touched it down. Just a passing thought. Then I began to think more seriously. The big question when a ball leaves the field of play is: Who last had posses-

—continued

sion? If you have a fumble and a lot of people are scrambling for the ball and it goes out of bounds, the ball is retained by the team which last touched it. Now, what happened in the Harvard end zone was that no one had possession of the ball. The ball left the field in the possession of this Waltham Blue Bunnies cat who was not legally involved in the game. I suddenly felt that if I, a legal participant, could get the ball back and touch it down in the end zone, it would mean a touchdown for my team and a Yale victory. Pretty heady stuff for a guy who has played a total of just three minutes—against Brown—in an entire season.

"Still, I don't think I would have done anything if it hadn't been for the second official who was standing by that play. I happened to look into his eyes, and I realized that he had seen what I had seen. A look went between us—and I felt he was trying to assure me, without actually telling me, that if I could get the ball from the Waltham Blue Bunnies and touch it down in the Harvard end zone, he would stay around for it, and when it happened he would raise his arms up, and it would be a touchdown for Yale, a victory, and man, like, I knew it was up to me!

"So I shouted, 'I'll be back!' and I began jumping and looking around for the Waltham Blue Bunnies cat.

"In the meantime Crone, the Harvard quarterback, got up and started running for the Harvard bench, bent over to protect what everyone thought was the football. He did have something there that flashed brown and looked like a football. So, what was it?

"Well, I'll tell you what it was. It was a brown fur. That's right. In the confusion in the end zone a spectator got knocked right off his feet, and a brown fedora rolled off his head, right up next to where Crone was lying. Having lost the ball, he was thrashing around looking for it, with eyes bugging like moons. Well, seeing that flash of brown, he grabbed out and gathered that fedora right in and cradled it, you know, so no one could get at it. Then finally, after lying there a bit, he got up and ran off toward the Harvard bench, where his coach, Yovicin, was waiting for the game ball. It was Yovicin's last game, and though the Harvards are pretty independent, from all I hear, and don't

give much of a damn about this rah-rah business and 'winning the big one for the coach,' they would have saved the ball for him this one time. I mean, they wouldn't ordinarily. They don't care about game balls. Sometimes, they tell me, at Harvard when the final whistle blows, they just leave the football rocking there on the grass, like it was something they'd got finished with, like a picnic napkin. But this time it was obvious Yovicin had to get the ball. I mean, the guy had won like 100 games for Harvard.

"So Crone had it, but what he had was this brown fur. I mean, he must have known it almost right off, as soon as he grabbed for it in the end zone, that there was something wrong with the feel of the ball. Like, it was too flabby. So he snuck a look at it, thinking maybe it had deflated or something, and hoping that he'd read the familiar words that are written on footballs, 'Spalding Collegiate Official,' whatever it is, but of course what he read when he looked down was what was in the label, 'Dobbs,' or whatever the hat manufacturer was, and maybe a hat size tag, 7 1/4, and he must have known he was in trouble. But still, he had to go through with it, because if he runs out of the end zone and everyone sees he's carrying a brown Dobbs hat, size 7 1/4, and not a football, well, that's going to create, like, a stir.

"And what about Yovicin? What about him? Here's this poor guy—he's got some sort of mild heart condition, which is why he's retiring—thinking about where he's going to put the game ball in his trophy cabinet, with the score and the year carefully painted on it in white numerals, and he's thinking about the speech he's going to make to the players back in the field house, and how he's going to hold the game ball up and say that he prizes that \$20 football more than his house and his car, it really means *thar* much to him, and also he's wondering if he should work up a tear, perhaps just a dampness of the eye, to punctuate his farewell. He's standing by the bench, a mob of photographers elkking away, and he's thinking about all of this, when up trots his quarterback, Crone, his face pale behind the bars of his helmet and surreptitiously bending over and shoving something at him like it's a pack of heroin, and he hands over this fur.

"What's this?" Yovicin asks.

"It's the game ball," Crone whispers, and he explains what happened back there in the end zone.

"Now, I don't know if this is actually what happened between Yovicin and Crone—I mean I was too busy trying to track down the guy with the Waltham Blue Bunnies jacket to do much speculating. I remember thinking that poor Yovicin, looking down at the Dobbs hat, had little choice but to try to ignore what he had heard from Crone. His only other possibility was to gather the Harvard squad together in the Dillon Field House and confess, 'Fellows, we've got a little problem here,' and send them out looking for the ball, which is what I was doing. But I had a great advantage. Because there was one thing I knew no one else did, except the official, not even Crone, and that was that the ball had been snatched by this cat from the Waltham Blue Bunnies."

Fitzgerald was rueful about his attempt to find the ball on his own. "I could have tried to enlist some of the others from the team to help," he said, "but there wasn't time. How long was the official going to wait around? Besides," he added, shaking his head, "when a guy who's played only three minutes—against Brown—for the entire season, which is 540 minutes long, when that guy gets his chance he wants to make the most of it—and solo."

Fitzgerald spent the first three-quarters of an hour of his search in the vicinity of the Harvard Stadium. He pushed his way through the crowds flooding down on the field, occasionally leaping like a dog in a tall crop of wheat to see if he could spot the pinched-face kid with the ball. He had a difficult time. Bullhorns were blown at him, and one celebrant tried to force a jug of martinis between the bars of his helmet.

When the crowd had thinned sufficiently for Fitzgerald to see that the Waltham Blue Bunnies kid was not within the confines of the stadium, he trotted out across the vast fields which are used by the Harvard teams for baseball and other intramural sports in their seasons. On the football weekends the graduates take over the area—the tail-gate set with their picnic hampers. Fitzgerald noted the residue of their presence: plastic cups, overturned and swaying back and forth

*continued*

For the man who has me.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a red dress and a long pearl necklace, is seated next to a Christmas tree. She is looking directly at the camera. To her right is a bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Scotch Whisky, which is wrapped in a red and white checkered gift paper. The bottle has a red ribbon tied around the neck. The background is dark, and the Christmas tree is decorated with lights and ornaments.

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in the slight breeze, and one forgotten thermos jug that stood like a buoy in the expanse of green. A few touch football games were going on in the gathering dusk, but none involving the object of Fitzgerald's search. The participants looked up curiously as he trotted by in his Yale uniform.

It was on the far reaches of the field that Fitzgerald found the Yale graduate (he never got his name but guessed that his class was between '39 and '42) who was to figure so prominently in the ensuing search.

"I saw this one blue station wagon," Fitzgerald reported. "It had a blue Yale pennant hanging from the radio aerial. A blue picnic blanket was spread out beside the rear wheels, and on it was sitting this guy, in this sort of yoga position, staring off into the middle distance. He was, like, *dejected*. He was the saddest cat I ever saw. I could see that there were some people in the station wagon, just sitting there patiently, waiting for the guy to pull himself together.

"Well, I ran up, and he must have jumped a mile when he saw me, as if he had seen a ghost. When he got calmed down, he told me that's what he *had* thought. 'I was thinking of Clint Frank and Larry Kelley,' he said, and Mike Pyle and Pudge Heffelfinger and Frank Hinkley, and thinking how we could have used those guys, the Yale greats, and then you come up out of the dusk like some gab-damn phantom!"

"He took me over to the station wagon. His wife was inside, a very pretty girl with a drawn face, and these children, about nine or 10 years old. I *think* he said their names were Davenport and Timothy Dwight, which are Yale colleges. A bulldog was sitting on the back seat, and his name was Dan the 11th. Obviously, they all had this big thing about Yale. So when I told this Yale grad about the fumble in the Harvard end zone and how the ball had been snatched by this guy from the Waltham Blue Bunnies and what Yovexin had got was a Dobbs hat and not a football, and how I thought the official was back there waiting in the stadium, and that Yale had a chance to win if we could find the ball, why, this guy got terribly excited.

"'Wow!' he shouted. I tried to quiet him down by telling him that I had just about given up, having been on the go

for more than an hour. But he would have none of it. 'We got this big clue!' he shouted.

"What is that?" I asked.

"'Waltham! It's the Waltham Blue Bunnies!'"

"He pushed me into the front seat of the station wagon, and we set off for Waltham, which turns out to be near Cambridge. He was one of the most nervous fast drivers I've ever seen. I tried to get him calmed down by asking him what he did. 'Stocks!' he yelled. 'Stocks! Stocks! Stocks!' No one else in the car seemed to mind. I guess they were used to it. I don't know about the bulldog. I could hear him whimpering back there from time to time.

"As we went along, the Yale grad told about 'Merkle's Boner,' a famous situation in sports which he said was just like our own. Merkle was this cat who played for the New York Giant baseball team back in 1908. In the last inning of this important game against the Chicago Cubs to decide the National League championship, Merkle was a base runner on first base and a teammate was on third. A guy named Al Bridwell stepped up and singled home the winning run, Merkle, leading off first base, gave this big leap of joy, and he turned and ran for the *chubhouse* instead of running and touching second base. A guy on the Cubs saw this and realized that if he could get the ball and step on second base, then Merkle would be forced for the lost out and the run which had scored from third wouldn't count. He had a very hard time retrieving the ball because it was thrown into the outfield, and fans struggled with him over it. When he finally did get the ball and stepped on second, hundreds of people were down on the field. But the umpires saw it and called Merkle out and canceled the winning run. The game had to be replayed, and the Giants lost it. That was Merkle's Boner, and our situation, the Yale grad kept shouting, was very nearly comparable."

Mayberry Fitzgerald found it hard to follow the comparison while careering around Waltham in a station wagon with the driver slowing down to lean out the window and yell at people to see if they knew where the Blue Bunnies hung out, if there was some field where they had a habit of congregating.

"I'm looking for the Blue Bunnies!"

he'd shout. 'It's a gab-damn emergency!' People would look up from walking their dogs among the leaves in the twilight, but nobody came hurrying over.

"It was a girl jumping rope who finally told us," Fitzgerald said. "She rubbed this red rope handle alongside her nose, and then she said that the Waltham Blue Bunnies liked to meet on the field behind Red Allen's gas station just before the turnoff to the Pike. 'I hope you arrest them,' she told us. 'They're sex fiends.'"

"There were about eight Blue Bunnies on the field when we found it. The Yale grad and I jumped out of the car and ran onto the field. A couple of the kids were wearing the jackets. They were playing a game of touch. But the football they were using was one of those miniature models about the size of a rolled-up pair of woolen socks. Beside me the Yale grad gave this low moan.

"But then suddenly I saw the same kid. I mean, like, I *knew* it. He had this thin, pinched face, and when he saw me his eyes popped. Talk about avenging angels! I mean, this Yale guy in a football uniform suddenly materializing in the middle of the Blue Bunnies' football game. That's what he must have thought. So he gave this little yell, and he turned and ran over to where his jacket was lying by the side of the field, and, my God, the football was underneath it! He reached for it, and then came running for me, holding the football in front of him like it was on a tray. 'I'm losing my manables,' he said in this big Boston accent. He really looked scared. What made him look so awful was that the football he handed over was *deflated*. It had gone flat, and he didn't know how. They'd been playing with it, and maybe a nail had got into it or something.

"I didn't hang around to ask about it. I grabbed the ball and jumped into the station wagon, and we headed back for Soldier's Field. The Yale grad was worried about the ball. 'You sure that's it?' he asked. He looked apprehensive. I couldn't blame him. The ball looked very flabby. 'You think the official, if he's still there, will accept the ball being as flat as that thing?' he asked. He glanced back over the seat. 'Priscilla,' he said to his wife, 'you wouldn't take a try at this, would you? I mean try to *inflate* it a bit?'"

"She took the football back there, and she and the kids did what they could; I mean, like, a football has this tiny valve you have to put a needle into to blow up with a bicycle pump, and here she and these kids were, pulling away. I don't think it did a bit of good, but it was impressive. I could hear them struggling with it. The Yale grad looked over his shoulder once, and I could tell by his grim look that things weren't going so well. He banged his fist on the steering wheel. 'Exhale, it's a question of a good smart exhale,' he said, but you could tell his heart wasn't in it. I heard the building back there. He sounded very all at ease. I sat looking straight ahead and thinking, 'Well, that was one of the things about Yale, the dedication.'"

"It was really dark when we got back. The vehicular gates to Soldier's Field were closed so, after circling the place a couple of times, the Yale grad let me off and said he'd park somewhere and follow me into the stadium. There were some field lights on that gave the place a weird sort of phosphorescent glow. It knocked out all sense of perspective, so the stone stands seemed to reach up into the night like cliffs. There was no sign of the official. I remember thinking that it was cold and dark, and surely there must be a statute of limitations, and it was very crazy to have thought the official would stick around. But I said to myself, 'Well, I'll do it anyway. I'll touch the football down in the end zone and the Yale grad and his pretty wife and the two kids, Davenport and Timothy Dwight, and the bulldog Dan the 11th, we'll know that Yale has scored and that the real score—forgetting the extra point—ends up 16-14 for the Bulldogs.'"

At that point in his narrative Mayberry Fitzgerald's voice dropped, and he was barely audible. "So I did, but then I discovered that I'd done this really gross thing. In the darkness, and because I was unfamiliar with the playing field, I touched that damn deflated ball down in the wrong end zone. There was no getting around it. I'd scored a safety on myself."

"Then the Yale grad came busting into the stadium. 'Is it over?' he shouted to me. 'Is it time to celebrate? Is it time to wave a handkerchief at the Harvard side?' His voice echoed happily against the stone. I told him what had happened.

— "You what?"

"'I scored a safety on myself,' I told him.

"He tottered and dropped down on the grass in the same yoga position of grief in which I'd originally found him. I've never met anyone who worked off his depression that way.

"'Sir, no one knows,' I said to him, trying to make him feel better. 'Couldn't we say I put the ball down in the *Harvard* end zone?' It certainly wasn't my intent to touch it down at the wrong end of the field. It was so dark I just lost my bearings."

The Yale grad (according to Fitzgerald) came up off the grass like a rocket. "An outrageous idea!" he shouted.

"Fitzgerald, you are guilty of moral turpitude!" He could barely contain himself. "'Fitzgerald,' he said to me, 'you bear a name that one associates with Princeton. May I say that the action you suggest also smacks of Princeton. And quite obviously of Harvard. In fact this whole miserable business has been caused by the moral turpitude of a Harvard quarterback. Do you think a Yale quarterback would have run over to his coach and slipped him a *kar* instead of the game ball? Why, a Yale quarterback, even if he were a sophomore, would have known enough about the moral values expected of an Eli to few up, to go straight to the referee and say, 'Look here, boss, this is not a football I've got here, but a Dobbs hat, zone 734, and this game is still up for grabs!' Now there's your Yale man."

"Yes, sir," said Mayberry Fitzgerald.

"It's not at Harvard, or even Southern Methodist, but at Yale where we especially learn we are not excused from the necessity of moral choice."

"It was just grand listening to him," Fitzgerald reported. "This small intense man standing in the cold and shouting up at me about ethics and Yale and how it was more important to consider how the result was achieved than the result itself."

"Well, finally the Yale grad calmed down and he groaned, and he said there were certainly times when he wished he were not a Yale man at heart, and this was one of them. If Yale were anything like those freethinking colleges in the western hills, like Amherst, where moral turpitude was 'all the rage'—as he put it—why, it would have been easy to

reconstruct the event and lay it on the line down at *The Boston Globe* that the ball had been recovered from the Harvard end zone and a Yale touchdown scored.

"There are times when being a Yale man can be a burden," he went on sorrowfully, "but that is as it should be."

With that (according to Fitzgerald) the Yale grad turned and moved off through the gloom towards the stadium exits. As Fitzgerald watched him go he felt a sudden burst of pride. The lonely stooped figure suddenly seemed to symbolize the sort of citizen Yale would prepare him to be: one who would be guided through life's struggle by moral righteousness. The drama of that realization was such that Fitzgerald was almost surprised it was not accompanied by strains of music from the dark reaches of the stadium. "It was a tremendous moment," he says of his feelings.

The sensation might well have been momentary, since at that point Fitzgerald suddenly realized he was alone in football uniform on a hostile Massachusetts night, his teammates long gone. "Lord, it was cold," he remembers. "I beat on the windows of the Dillon Field House. There was no one in there. The team buses had pulled out. I walked up into Cambridge. My football cleats made these big crunching sounds against the pavement. There were quite a few people celebrating, and the windows of the Harvard dormitories were lit, and I could see people standing around holding glasses."

"I walked up to Harvard Square. There's a little place there just off Massachusetts Avenue. This cat with long hair was playing the bagpipes in the dark and a girl was beating a tambourine against a tree. I listened to the music; I thought to myself that it would not be long before I would be inhaling deeply, and through the brass mouthpiece of a tuba exploding the refrain that now had such meaning for me, 'Boo-la, Boo-la.' You know, 'We've been and faith in E-I-ye,' etc. 'Well, a Boo-la, Boo, Boo-la, Boo-la, Boo, Boo-la, Boo, Boo-la, 'oo-la, Boo-la, Boo'."

*The foregoing is an "inside story" only in the sense of having proceeded from the inside of Author George Plimpton's head. Mr. Plimpton is, by the way (head and all), a Harvard man.—E.D.*

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## AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION FOR THE BANKS AND THE BOGS



No fancy stirrup cups hinder those seeking inspiration to ride with the West Waterford by **RUDOLPH S. RAUCH III**

**T**hey are not a fashionable pack, the West Waterford Hounds. No dukes hunt with them and no rich Americans underwrite their expenses. Nor do they meet on a pedigreed lawn in front of a stately manor. There are few stately manors in West Waterford's farming country 35 miles northeast of the city of Cork and, besides, the West Waterford's members prefer to meet in a pub.

There are several reasons for that preference—all good ones. Joint Masters Tom and Elsie Morgan share drinks with the farmers nudging the bar at 11:30 a.m. as a sporting gesture. Nick Trigg, hunt secretary, likes meeting in a pub because he is a sociable man with an insatiable appetite for neighborhood news. These are individual preferences; there are also group motives. One group—a small one—likes meeting in a pub because it affords shelter from the rain, although sometimes only just. These pubs are old and drafty, and while the roof is generally sound, the heating is never

adequate, and the facilities are marvelously straightforward. When an American woman asked the proprietress of the pub in Millstreet where the Ladies' was, she was told to look outside in the yard where a sow was rooting perfunctorily. "Out there, sweetie," said the pubwoman, "and it stretches the whole 50 miles to Cappoquin." And there is a final contingent—not quite so small and consisting largely of visitors—whose reason for meeting in a pub is more urgent than any of the others: these people need courage.

Courage is usually required in hunting country, but there are different types of courage, and bravery, like horses, must be suited to the kind of country one has to face. Boldness is perhaps paramount in the country north of West Waterford across the Galtee Mountains that is hunted by the famous Scarteen Black and Tans. There banks are broad and protected by yawning ditches up to eight feet deep. A good horse boldly ridden

will get across this country because fields are big and fairly free of hidden traps, and once a horse is upon Scarteen bank he can check himself and decide where to jump down. But there are few broad banks and deep ditches in West Waterford. Farmers and regular followers simply do not rebuild worn-down obstacles. When banks erode or ditches fill, farmers put up wire or stack black-thorn and briars against a low place in a wall. The resulting fences are as varied as the imagination of the Irishmen who build them and to try to clear them at a gallop is to insure a horrid and sanguinary end of a day's sport.

The card says the West Waterford Hounds will meet at 11:30 a.m. and when Elsie Morgan takes up her corner position in the pub of the day, they can fairly be said to have met, even though the hounds are still outside, locked up in a trailer, and nothing is going to happen before 12 noon when Elsie will slip out of her green parka and into her pink





WHEN ELSIE MORGAN FLIES OVER THE WALLS AS MASTER OF THE WEST WATERFORD HOUNDS, SHE IS A TOUGH ACT TO FOLLOW

hunting coat. It is like a judge taking off his topcoat and putting on his robes. Court is now in session.

The half hour in the pub is true charity on Elsie's part, because she doesn't need the courage found in the bottom of a shot glass, and she drinks her single glass of port mainly out of courtesy. She doesn't have her husband's facility for chatting with farmers—he mends more fences in half an hour in the pub than in three days with pick and shovel—and she doesn't really seem complete until she is on her horse and clucking instructions to her hounds.

But if Elsie does not need the time to supplement her courage, other people do. The Galtees in the north are steep, and water sluices off the slopes into innumerable gorge-covered canals that complicate the going. In the southern part of the country, near the sea around Youghal, the government is draining the vast bogs, and some of the new ditches

that have been cut rival in terror potential anything presented by the country to the north; ditches can swallow up a horse and rider without anybody taking particular notice.

Perhaps the worst rider for the West Waterford country is the competent coward who refuses a drink and knows too much to let the horse have his head. Instead, he will ride cautiously at the rear of the field and when he gets to a big bank it will be partly collapsed under the passage of 20 horses, and the wire that ran low down on the far side will now stretch across the gap at neck level like the ambush in an *Autry* film. The dry rider is in deep trouble at this point, because unless he gets out of the field quickly he will be abandoned, and anyone who has not experienced it can imagine what it's like to trot about in a pasture surrounded by six-foot banks, hearing only the cawing of crows and the sodden squish of the hooves of a horse you

can't hold. West Waterford regulars still frighten newcomers and small children into keeping up front by telling the dreadful story of the death of Major Burke. Burke lagged behind one day while hunting in County Meath. His horse stumbled into a ditch, and by the time anyone noticed that Burke was missing and went back to look for him he was dead—drowned in a few inches of water.

So the wise coward drinks, watching the clock out of the corner of his eye like a fat boy in a tough neighborhood who knows the heavies down the block are talking about him, and when Elsie puts down her glass and begins to pull on her gloves, it's time to pray you won't have to make a scene to get a final double whisky before word is passed to let the hounds out.

The hounds come to the meet in a slatted-wood trailer. Letting down the tailgate is like breaching a cofferdam. A torrent of dogflesh immediately pours

*continues*



THE HOUNDS MAKE A RUN OVER THE RUGGED IRISH COUNTRYSIDE



CHRISTINE COLEMAN TAKES LEAVE OF HER MOUNT—AND HER HAT

out, its enthusiastic constituents purring happily and making for Elsie when they hear their names. Hounds have very little individual personality and they all look alike—one of the characteristics of a good pack. So it isn't easy to put a name to every face as it emerges from the back of the trailer, especially when there are names like Guilty, Manager, Plunder, Rubicon, Pleasant, Garnish, Globule, Gaudy, Dora, Dorcas and Pensive. But Elsie gets them all, and they huddle round the feet of her horse obviously pleased that someone knows them.

These hounds are the achievement of an American, Isaac Bell, whose influence on hound breeding was as great as that of Clausewitz on warfare. Bell was one of the great huntsmen of his time in addition to being a prodigious student of the pedigree and conformation of foxhounds. In 30-odd years of hunting Bell was master of three packs, beginning in 1903 with the Galway Blazers. By the early 1930s he was so badly crippled by arthritis that, after a brief stint riding sidesaddle, he surrendered his mastership of the South and West Wilts. He turned to ocean racing and quickly became a celebrated yachtsman, famed as the builder of *Blowdown*, which eventually was purchased by Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip.

Bell was primarily concerned with the performance of hounds in the field, and years of observation convinced him that very often the best performers were not the best lookers, when judged against the prevailing standards of beauty. These standards emphasized massiveness and



IRELAND'S FASTEST HOUNDS, WITH TOMMY SANDERS AND ELSIE MORGAN IN THE LEAD

bone at the expense, Bell believed, of pace, drive and concentration. Bell was living in Lismore, the center of the West Waterford country, when Tom and Elsie Morgan arrived in 1949.

The Morgans were fresh from Germany, where Tom Morgan had been stationed as a captain in the British Army. In the middle of the Nazi collapse, a German cavalry unit surrendered to Morgan's artillery battery, and he had put 50 of the most likely troopers on the same number of the best horses and led them nearly 900 miles to a town near Aachen, which was in British hands. Elsie, who had spent the war in Wales, eventually joined him, bringing some hounds with her. For two years the Morgans hunted over most of northern Germany, taking occasional leaves for periods of show jumping and, in Elsie's case, rac-

ing. They took over the West Waterford in 1952. When Bell saw Elsie Morgan hunt the pack, he recognized a challenge. "Do what I say," he told her, "and I will breed you a pack of hounds worthy of your talent."

It took Bell two years of breeding and picking and choosing before he presented the Morgans with a foundation pack. Those hounds were an epitome of his thinking. Today's descendants are lighter—both in color and weight—and smaller than their pure English counterparts. They are primarily Fell, or mountain, hounds bred from a stock provided by the College Valley hounds in Northumberland. College Valley is the only other pack that hunts Fell hounds from horseback, the usual practice being to take the pack up a mountain, release them and follow their progress with binoculars. If common sense entered into the fox-hunting equation, it would be a good idea to hunt the West Waterford pack this way, because these hounds are, above all, fast. But Ikey Bell bred his pack for Elsie Morgan to hunt from horseback, and as long as she can keep up, native tenacity and strong drink will continue to produce at least a handful who will try and follow her.

It is hard to convey an idea of how fast hounds are because their speed depends so much on the kind of country they are running in. The Searle Black and Tans are generally considered to be a fast pack—some say the fastest in Ireland—and on the one occasion, in 1963 at Dirk House, Tipperary, the two packs hunted in a joint meet, the West Waterfords got away from the Tans as soon



HOLDING HER OWN STEADY, ALISON TRIGG COAKES HER SON'S STUBBORN PONY

as the run moved onto a hill. Thaddeus Ryan's family has owned the Black and Tans for more than 200 years, and he hunts the pack today. He loves his hounds as much as any man could, but he is above all a truthful man. "It was astonishing," he recalls, "They went across the fields head to head, my hounds singing the bass and the West Waterfords taking the treble." When the fox ran to earth the West Waterfords were a field ahead of the Tans. The first rider to arrive on the scene was Elsie Morgan.

Elsie Morgan seems to glide across country. She finds an opening on the left if there is none on the right but she never appears to waste time with lateral movement. Elsie wears glasses, and when it rains she can't see, but she still goes through places that appear impenetrable. She has ridden for Ireland in international competitions, and she is known to be willing to ride almost anything. In one continental competition she got a special prize for "the bravest rider of the craziest horse." The horse was named Rooney, and whenever he saw a jump he would race at it, paying no mind to efforts of the rider to stop him. Elsie tried hunting hounds from Rooney for a while, but that activity, in addition to requiring a willingness to go, also demands an ability to stop. Admitting, finally, that she couldn't implant this concept in Rooney's head and hunt the hounds, Elsie gave the horse to Tom, whose responsibilities include managing the field, or followers. As field master, Tom is supposed to be first, and Rooney makes sure he is. If, through in-adventure, another horse gets past Rooney between fences, Rooney leapfrogs him at the next barrier. Tom makes no effort to stop him because he's convinced Rooney can jump anything.

In addition to being a first-rate horsewoman, Elsie Morgan has developed to a rare degree a second talent, one that is indispensable if a horseman wishes to be a huntsman. That is an eye for country. Great generals are supposed to have it, and the British Army still encourages officers to develop their eye by hunting. You don't develop it by following the man in front of you but by going off on your own, spotting shortcuts, taking advantage of gaps, conserving your horse where possible. A well-developed eye for country will tell you, for instance, that the highest part of a bank is often the

best place to jump: farmers will rely on the bank to keep livestock in and won't be so likely to string wire across the top. A good eye for country knows that the greenest part of a field is likely to be a bog and he can spot the quickest way across a glen in a second. If you have a good eye, you don't get lost. If you don't have the eye, you had better stick close behind someone who does. But don't choose Elsie Morgan.

Hunting may be divided into three separate phases: the draw, the run and the kill. The proper name for the first phase is "drawing the covert" and it means waiting while the hounds are sent through a wood or copse of trees that foxes are likely to haunt. You continue to draw different coverts until hounds strike the trail of a fox. This is usually the best time to watch hounds work since, even in Ireland, there is only minimal danger of falling off while your horse is standing still.

Once a fox is found, the hunt enters on phase two, the run. In heavy country or if scenting conditions are poor, a run may be little more than a walk. If the ground is too cold or too hot, hounds have trouble with the scent, and it is one of the abiding frustrations of the fox hunter to see a fox bolt from cover without the hounds' knowledge. But if the scent is right, the hounds take off as if shot from a goose gun, running in a tight cluster and singing their song.

When the West Waterfords break from cover and start across the tortuous countryside, it seems about even money that at least one neck will snap before the thing is through. This does not usually happen, but in one meet last season in

a field of 23, two riders finished up concussed, six fell from their mounts and, when the fox finally ran into a forestry project, only the Morgans and two others were there to collect the hounds. Even Elsie, herself, had a fall.

The life the Morgans have lived since they took over the West Waterford has not been easy. The entire budget for the hunt is in the neighborhood of £1,000, which means that the Morgans do most everything themselves. Tom keeps the hounds fed by collecting carcasses of dead cows or aged horses from surrounding farms. He brings them back to the kennels and skins them, hitching the hide to a tractor and peeling it off. Elsie finds the time to cook, keep house and help one groom exercise the nine horses each day.

Perhaps the most exhausting aspect of the life of an Irish master of foxhounds is keeping pace with the social round that demands appearances at up to three hunt balls a week in the winter. Hunt balls are given to supplement the subscriptions of regular members, and there is a limited number of people who are willing to fork over \$6 to dance to the same orchestra night after night. The only thing that makes people go is the fear that if they don't, nobody will come to their hunt ball. Since you know that everybody will come to your ball out of fear that you won't go to their ball, almost anybody who can try claim to a few hounds seems to give one. So, all in all, it is better to socialize. One does not have to dance every dance, and the tired tunes are blotted out of mind when the talk, as it always does, turns to horses and hounds.

END

SITTING OUT A DANCE AT THE UNITED HUNT BALL, TOM MORGAN POURS CHAMPAGNE





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**H**ere are the answers to some of the most often-asked questions about Phase II of the President's freeze on Momentum:

**Q.** Will the President continue to keep controls on Momentum in sports during Phase II?

**A.** The President feels that Phase I of his Momentum freeze has brought the runaway Momentum factor down to a point where it can be checked. Nonetheless, he believes that further controls are necessary if we are going to reduce Momentum to a presummer 1969 level. **Q.** Is that when Momentum began to get out of control?

**A.** Yes, all specialists agree that the attribution of Momentum to the Mets' championship drive was instrumental in moving it out of control.

**Q.** Are there figures to document this?

**A.** Yes, the President's Special Committee on Momentum cites statistics which show that, before 1969, Momentum accounted for only 26.3% of the sports victories in America. As recently as August 1971, Momentum had grown to account for 65.9% of the victories, and in especially important games Momentum had come to account for 94.8% of all victories. Even the Soap Box Derby victor attributed his win to Momentum.

**Q.** What are the evils of Momentum?

**A.** A modest rise in Momentum is not bad for a vigorous sports world.

**Q.** Oh, well then...

**A.** But we have entered a period of runaway Momentum, not only on TV but in the barrooms as well, which threatens the stability of all sports clichés.

**Q.** How is that?

**A.** When Momentum is credited for all success on the field, we find a recession

in team spirit, defense, pitching...

**Q.** Normally 75% of any game.

**A.** As any schoolchild knows. Plus conditioning, will to win, meeting the challenge, offense, heart, depth, rebounding, hitting, putting, being real physical, sprinting, serving, back-checking, jabbing and playing them one at a time.

**Q.** You mean...?

**A.** Yes, sad to say, but the more that speculators deal in Momentum, the less confidence fans will show in other clichés.

**Q.** What about the turning point in the game?

**A.** With rampant Momentum, there can be no turning point, a loss for which we all pay dearly, fans and telecasters alike.

**Q.** Can we shore up the turning point in the game if we devalue Momentum?

**A.** Yes, that is the President's goal, and the specific reason that he placed the 10% surcharge on the home-field advantage. It is hard to build up Momentum without an unabashed home-field advantage.

**Q.** Will the 10% surcharge on the home-field advantage be removed if Momentum is brought under control?

**A.** That is the President's intention. He has made it perfectly clear that it was not his purpose to penalize cheerleaders and alumni.

**Q.** What means will the President employ to keep Momentum under check during Phase II?

**A.** The President has appointed a board, with representatives from management, the media and fandom.

**Q.** Who are the representatives?

**A.** Charles O. Finley, Chris Schenkel and Gus Fan.

**Q.** How will the board operate?

**A.** Anyone who wishes to attribute Momentum to a team must submit application. The board will then decide whether to grant permission. For instance, after the Philadelphia Eagles won their first game of the season recently, there were many petitioners from Philadelphia who felt the Eagles should have Momentum going into their next game.

**Q.** How did the board vote?

**A.** The board split 2-2, and without a clear majority the Eagles were denied Momentum rights.

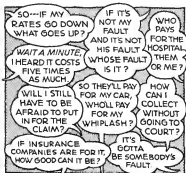
**Q.** Wait a minute. How could the board split 2-2 if there are only three people on the board?

In response to the President's staunch leadership, we must all roll up our sleeves, tighten our belts, suck in our guts and help defend the sanctity of our American sports clichés **by FRANK DEFORD**

## TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN...



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## MOMENTUM *continued*

A. In keeping with his usual public stance, Schenkel gained the right to vote on both sides of every issue.

Q. Well, then, has any team recently been granted Momentum rights?

A. Yes indeed. By a vote of 3-1, the board gave a Momentum O.K. to the New York Nets.

Q. Why?

A. It was felt that the Nets truly earned Momentum since a whole calendar year had gone by without Rick Barry once jumping contract.

Q. During Phase I of the Momentum freeze, the President had wave all controls during the baseball championships. Will he do the same during the gridiron championship, and let Momentum float and find its own level?

A. That's highly unlikely. The President was extremely upset about how Momentum took off on a rampage as soon as the controls were waived during the diamond title tourney.

Q. What happened during this period?

A. A classic case of a Momentum binge. Both the Pirates' and Orioles' playoff victories were attributed to Momentum, as were the Orioles' first two World Series victories.

Q. But wait, I thought you said that it was agreed that the Pirates were also being carried by Momentum coming into the Series.

A. They lost their Momentum in Baltimore.

Q. Did the Orioles have Momentum going for them when they went to Pittsburgh for the third game?

A. Absolutely, everybody agreed.

Q. What was Pittsburgh's aim at this point?

A. To regain Momentum.

Q. Did they?

A. Yes. They turned the Momentum around.

Q. But then, what happened to all that well-documented Oriole Momentum?

A. It was sidetracked.

Q. For how long?

A. Not long. In the very first inning of the next game, Baltimore scored three runs and recovered its Momentum.

Q. And Pittsburgh lost its?

A. Temporarily.

Q. I don't understand. If Baltimore recovered its Momentum and Pittsburgh lost its temporarily, how did the Pirates ever win?

A. Young Bruce Kison came in to check the Oriole Momentum.

*continued*



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Q. Of course. And what happened then?  
 A. Then the Pirates stole the Oriole Momentum.  
 Q. The Orioles were glad to return to Baltimore, weren't they?  
 A. You bet. They hoped to pick up the same Momentum they had exhibited before.  
 Q. And the Pirates?  
 A. Well, of course, everybody knew the big question was whether or not they could retain the Momentum that they had uncovered in Pittsburgh.  
 Q. Well, what happened?  
 A. Frank Robinson's base running picked up the Oriole Momentum.  
 Q. Then the Orioles obviously had a big edge going into the last game?  
 A. No, remember that Steve Blass came into the game with Momentum too.  
 Q. You mean both teams were blessed with Momentum?  
 A. They were until Roberto Clemente hit a home run and blunted the Oriole Momentum.  
 Q. And when Jose Pagan doubled in another Pirate run?  
 A. That convinced the Pirates they had Momentum going for them.  
 Q. But the Orioles threatened and almost caught up.  
 A. Momentum ran out.  
 Q. If they had tied?  
 A. They had built enough Momentum.  
 Q. Of course. And if they had won?  
 A. Well, obviously, the Pirates could not hang onto the Momentum they had regained in Pittsburgh.  
 Q. Thank you.  
 A. You're welcome.  
 Q. Now, moving ahead. Surely the Pirates will start off next season with Momentum. Are there any other teams that the President's board is permitting to boast of Momentum?  
 A. As in Phase I, Momentum controls will not apply to any teams that had Momentum before the President declared the 90-day freeze. Thus, the Milwaukee Bucks, the Montreal Canadiens, UCLA and Avery Brundage will all be permitted to have Momentum going for them.  
 Q. What are the penalties for those teams that violate the freeze on Momentum?  
 A. They will be locked in a room—  
 Q. That's not so bad.  
 A.—until the next game is through.  
 Q. That's bad.  
 A. With only one microphone.  
 Q. That's not so bad.  
 A. Frank Gifford will be there.

*continued*



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## MOMENTUM continued

Q. That's probably good and bad.

A. Don Meredith and Howard Cosell will be there, too.

Q. That's not so bad.

A. No, it isn't.

Q. So nobody can possibly win any games anymore in any sport anywhere without Momentum, can they?

A. Not anymore.

Q. Is Momentum spreading outside of sports?

A. Oh yes. That's one of the reasons that the President wanted to nap it in the bud. For instance, it's already a known fact that Muskie can win if he can only build up Momentum in the primaries.

Q. Yes, of course, because Teddy was robbed of his Momentum at Chappaquiddick and McGovern can never pick up any Momentum in the polls.

A. Right you are. And Betty Friedan and Bella Abzug are still trying to give Shirley Chisholm Momentum.

Q. Who else has Momentum?

A. A good question. Actually, many of the same people who have Momentum now used to have clout or charisma before that.

Q. Who are some of these people?

A. Well, Tom Jones certainly still has a lot of Momentum, and so do William Buckley, Allende, Ed McMahon, Casey Stengel, Flip Wilson, Jesus Christ Superstar and Henry Kissinger—although not necessarily in that order.

Q. But Spiro Agnew lost his Momentum.

A. Absolutely. And so did Ralph Nader. Andy Granatelli lost his Momentum, too, it seems, and so did Bernadette Devlin, Elliott Gould, Lester Maddox, Jimmy Breslin, Evel Knievel, Dennis Hopper, Huey Newton, Joe Namath and David Eisenhower.

Q. It appears that Momentum is overlapping into all sectors. What can a private citizen do to halt its spread?

A. At the first sign of Momentum gone berserk, call the local office of U.S. Momentum Control, or write or wire national headquarters, Box 1984, Washington, D.C.

Q. If we all work together as loyal Americans can we slow the rate of increase of Momentum?

A. Yes, we can make Momentum controls work, but only if we can gain some Momentum on our side in the fight against anti-Momentum.

Q. Thank you.

A. Right on.

END

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Don't miss AFC Football on NBC.



China's U.N. representatives checked into Manhattan last week just in time for the debut of a keen new gift idea that is bound to be a big hit among the striped-pants set. These Ping-Pong paddles, bearing the likenesses of President Nixon and Chairman Mao were made by an outfit in Schleswig, Germany. Another version is being marketed by a New York firm called United Nations Inc. O.K., fellas. No more excuses about being up the East River without a paddle.

**Vida Blue**, who toots milk on the tube and talks about drinking two gallons of the stuff a day, made a personal appearance at the Sportsmen of Stanislaus Club in Modesto, Calif. recently and found two gallons of milk at his place. Underly unperturbed, Vida consumed a full gallon during dinner. "Well," said Chairman **Tom Mellis** weakly, "it was meant to be a gag." Gurgle, gurgle.

Tough Mayor-elect **Frank Rizzo** of Philadelphia has just announced that he wants all city officials available on a 24-hour basis. And the beefy former police commissioner means 24 hours. "If they have boots, they had better have radios on them," he said. "They better have ra-

dios on their golf carts, too." Not to mention duck blinds, bowling bags and... look, why don't you guys just stay home weekends?

This week's Spiro Agnew Memorial Band-Aid goes to Australian Prime Minister **William McMahon** who, on his recent stopover in San Francisco, played squash with his foreign affairs adviser, **Richard Woolcott**, and got hit on the head with Woolcott's racquet. Then in New York he had a squash game with his economics adviser, **Herbert C. Coombs**. Thastime Coombs was the racketeer, so to speak, taking one of the P.M.'s wild swings right on the lip. "Nahsty smack," observed **Les Bursdell** of the Australian Consul General's office in New York. "His advisers don't seem to be coming off too well, what?"

Our vote for the most interesting letter of the week goes to the one received by sports publicist **Mike Ryan** at San Diego State College. "Please send me a brochure, as I can't get out to your football games anymore," it read. The return address: Florida State Penitentiary.

Guess who was driving a 1903 De Dietrich last week in England's annual veteran-car run

from London to Brighton? Why, world champion **Jackie Stewart**, accompanied by harmonica player/composer **Larry Adler**, who wrote the music for *Grease*, an old movie about, of all things, the London-to-Brighton car run. Also tooting along was this 1900 Daimler owned by **Queen Elizabeth**. Both De Dietrich and Daimler made it across the finish line along with 233 other wheezers. Said Stewart afterward: "I lost my hat but I never lost control."

By all accounts the dialogue between **Joe Frazier** and the inmates of the Ohio State Penitentiary, where the world boxing champ made a personal appearance televised for *The Phil Donahue Show*, was more like a sparring match than a discussion. When one convict suggested that Frazier is the "Great White Hope," the boxer responded, "White people never had a

champ as good as the blacks." Another more than implied that Muhammad Ali will win in a rematch. "No, it will be an instant replay," said Joe, smiling. "Why do you still call him Cassius Clay?" Joe's smile widened. "Because it makes him mad."

In Tokyo the Soviet Union's ambassador to Japan was playing lawn tennis when a group of young Japanese demonstrators, sitting outside a fence, thought they recognized an imperialist. They shook their fists at him and shouted, "Yankee, go home!" Welcome to the club, **Oleg Alek-sandrovich Troyanovsky**.

It is one thing to be on the horns of a dilemma, quite another to have a dilemma of the horns. Word comes that **Rameses 23**, Fordham University's 4-year-old ram mascot, has seen perhaps his last football season. Rameses' left horn has been growing against his eye, partially blinding him. At the Bronx ASPCA, veterinarians **Paul Hess** and **Roupen Papazian** tranquilized him, sawed off part of both Rameses' horns and hope to save his eye, after which the old mascot may be retired to a farm or a zoo. Where will Fordham find Rameses 24? Well, that's another ram-ification of the problem.

England is out with its own best-dressed list, published by London's *Tailor and Cutter*. It includes soccer players **George Best** and **Bobby Moore**, in fifth and ninth places, respectively, and this aside from Editor **Lawrence Ord**. "Ten years ago soccer players used to favor death-row haircuts with center partings, blue serge suits and R.A.F. surplus shoes." Sport, it seems, has become oh, so trendy, except for some hard-core rugby players. They are, says Mr. Ord, "the worst-dressed sportsmen. All they seem to think about is blazers and beer."



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Obviously, someone forgot to tell Pat Sullivan that this is the year of the running back. Last week the Auburn quarterback kept right on throwing passes, including four for touchdowns against the best defense in the Southeastern Conference, as the unbeaten Tigers demolished a very good Georgia team 35-20. When the execution was completed, Shug Jordan, the Auburn coach who is about as emotional as Lincoln's statue, snorted when someone suggested that Sullivan might not win the Heisman Trophy. "Maybe not," Jordan drawled, "but if someone else does get it, I'll bet he's Christ reincarnated." Then a look of horror crossed his face, and he held up a restraining hand. "Hold it, I'm a religious man and now I'll be up all night saying Hail Marys. Maybe I had better say that if someone else gets it, he'll have to be, ah, magnificent."

Which was about what Vince Dooley, the Georgia coach, was saying just a few yards away in the white blockhouse that serves as Georgia's dressing quarters in home-town Athens. A portrait of calmness and composure, Dooley was considerate in this year's first defeat, even going so far as to offer his seat to a late arrival. "I was just saying," he said, "that we were beaten by the best quarterback I've ever seen. Sullivan was a super player having a super day." He grinned and went on, "And if Sullivan is Superman, then Terry Beasley is Boy Wonder. You'd have to prove it to me if there is a better college passing combination. I know the other guy they are talking about, Marmaro. He is good. But Sullivan has got to win the Heisman. Of course, it's not unusual for him to have a great game. You can talk about anything you want, Auburn's receivers, its defense today, its line play, its punter, anything you want. But at all comes back to one thing: Sullivan."

Oddly enough, in view of the outcome, it was Georgia that had exhibited wild optimism during the week, with estimates of victory ranging up to 40 points. The oddsmakers, who apparently failed to note that Sullivan seldom played more than the first three quarters against most rivals this season, saw the Bulldogs as three-point favorites. Which is how coldhearted fortunes are built.

On his wall, Royce Smith, Georgia's All-America candidate at offensive guard, has a blank poster, and each week he invites his fellow Bulldogs to come

in and write a bright morale booster for the upcoming game.

"But we don't allow anything trite like 'Get 'em 'Dogs,'" said Smith the day before the game. "It has to be really profound. I think this week we had the best lines we've ever had. Steve Sleek, a reserve linebacker, wrote: 'If the world was ending tomorrow, your one wish should be that we are playing Auburn today.' I really like that."

Georgia's searing optimism boiled over at a Thursday night pep rally, where the players did everything but predict total annihilation of the state of Alabama. Phil Sullivan, a defensive back who the folks at Georgia say is better than that other Sullivan, told a wild crowd of about 1,000, "People have said we haven't played anybody. Well, I'll tell you one thing: We've beat the hell

out of everyone we've played this year."

And then Dooley got up and yelled: "You're gonna see the damndest bunch of 'Dogs getting after their butts that you've ever seen."

"I tell you," said Royce Smith, "that pep rally gave me goose bumps all over."

In a more reflective moment Dooley was wondering how his team could go 9-0 without a few troublemakers among the crew. "We won two conference titles in five years and we had a few boys that were, well, hard to handle. Then the last few years we were down and we had nothing but good kids. I got to the point where I was wondering where all the discipline problems were. I got to thinking, 'Hey, you troublemakers, where are you when I need you?'"

In Auburn, where Jordan's Tigers faced the double challenge of Georgia

continued



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and then unbeaten Alabama two weeks later, the players worked out with the casual detachment of pros. There was a pep rally, but the players stayed home.

"Sullivan really held us together," said Beasley, the All-America split end who is expected to gather a few Heisman votes in his own right. "He's so cool it's unbelievable. All week I knew the pressure was building on him, but all he'd do was give us a big smile and go about practicing. He's so darn confident, it just makes us all confident."

Sullivan led his confident crew into Athens, spent a fateful Friday night listening to the bedlam of auto horns and drunks, and the next afternoon set about destroying Georgia's dream of a national championship.

On the second play of the game Sullivan ran for 15 yards. On the seventh, while falling after being hit by Georgia's Chuck Heard, he flipped a 27-yard pass to Dick Schmalz at the Georgia two. "I thought I had him," said Heard. Two plays later, Tommy Lowry banged over for the touchdown.

Georgia, trailing for the first time all year, got nine yards and punted, and it was Sullivan again. He passed to Lowry for 10, to Schmalz for 18, and then Beasley for 34 and a score. With less than 10 minutes gone, Auburn led 14-0.

A few moments later Andy Johnson, Georgia's fine sophomore quarterback, broke through the Auburn line, avoided a tackler and ran 67 yards to the Auburn two. Two plays later, Jimmy Posolos scored. Recharged by this, Georgia drove 78 yards the next time it had the ball, Donne Allen scoring from the four, to forge a 14-14 tie.

Undaunted, Sullivan brought Auburn right back, connecting with Schmalz on a 15-yard scoring pass to give Auburn a 21-14 lead at halftime.

After a scoreless third quarter, Georgia got a chance to tie. Auburn fumbled, and Georgia's Steve Kinchen scooped it up at the Tiger 26. Stalled at the 20, Georgia missed a field goal but got the ball back at the 13 when Kim Braswell, the 5' 7" 170-pound kicker, was roughed. Three plays later Johnson dove in from the one.

"Then came a big play," said Jordan. "No, two big plays."

The first was when Roger Mitchell streaked in to block Braswell's extra-point attempt, leaving Auburn ahead 21-20. And then on the first play after

the kickoff, Sullivan passed to Beasley, who collided with Georgia's Don Golden and Gene Swinford at the Georgia 44, twisted away from the arms of both and bolted in for the score.

"We weren't even trying to score on the play," said Sullivan.

"I saw the collision and I said, 'Oh, no,'" said Schmalz. "Then half a second later I saw Terry out in front of both of them by a step. I knew they'd never catch him."

"That Beasley is something else," said Sullivan.

"Boy Wonder," said Dooley.

A few minutes later a long punt return to the Georgia 20 helped Auburn put the game away. Sullivan got a first down with his fourth completion to Beasley. He then combined with Schmalz for the final four yards and the game's last score.

For the day, Sullivan wound up with 14 completions in 24 attempts for 248 yards and the four scores. That gave him responsibility for 71 career touchdowns, tying Steve Ramsey of North Texas State and Army's Glenn Davis for the NCAA record. His yardage also built his three-year total to 6,725, placing him third on the all-time list behind Chuck Hixson of SMU (6,884) and Jim Plunkett of Stanford (7,887).

"With one game to go," said Jordan, a twinkle building in his eyes.

"Yeah," said Sullivan with a wry grin. "Alabama."

## THE WEEK

by WILLIAM F. REED

### SOUTH

1. ALABAMA (10-0)
2. AUBURN (9-0)
3. GEORGIA (9-1)

While Auburn was marching through Georgia, Alabama shrugged off Miami 31-3. With Halfbacks Johnny Musso and Joe LaBue both out with injuries, the Crimson Tide's Wirebone was more wish than bone. They finished the ball away three times and threw two interceptions. But that was all right, albeit a little disturbing to Coach Bear Bryant because Alabama's defense bent the Hurricanes like so many limp palm trees. Al-

abama spotted Miami a field goal after losing a fumble, but after that the visitors spent most of the time playing deep in their own territory. So dominant was Alabama's defense that even Musso, watching from the sidelines, was forced to shudder a bit. "I'd hate to play against our defense myself," he said.

On offense Alabama was not completely hapless. Quarterback Terry Davis scored twice. Bill Davis kicked two field goals and Wilbur Jackson—Musso's replacement—got off a 67-yard TD run. Asked if he thought at the beginning of the season that both Alabama and Auburn would come to their finale undefeated, Bryant had a not-so-subtle editorial comment on schedules. "Looking at the schedules, I could see more teams on our schedule capable of beating us than I could see on them capable of beating them."

Jackson, Miss. is one of LSU Coach Charlie McClendon's least favorite players. Going into the Tigers' game with Mississippi State, he had not won there since 1962, and as recently as a few weeks ago LSU was upset by Ole Miss in Jackson. But Mississippi State is not Ole Miss, so this time Charlie left Jackson with a 28-3 win. After LSU's defense forced State to give up the ball on downs at the LSU 44 early in the second quarter, Quarterback Bert Jones moved the Tigers to a touchdown and a 14-3 lead. The offense also ran smoothly behind Paul Lyons, who ran for two TDs. Most heartening to McClendon, however, was the return to form of Tommy Casanova, his ill-starred defensive halfback. Casanova warmed up for his duel with Notre Dame Receiver Tom Gatewood by playing the entire game, bailing down two passes and making tackles all over the field.

The situation has deteriorated so badly at Florida that now the Gators get emotional over a 35-28 win over somebody as hapless as Kentucky. Quarterback John Reaves (remember him?) completed 18 of 25 passes for three touchdowns and 248 yards, while ace Receiver Carlos Alvarez caught five for 117 yards and one TD. This Reaves became the second leading career passer in NCAA history (behind Jim Plunkett), and Alvarez became the SEC's all-time top receiver. Afterward there was a lot of crying and hugging in the Florida dressing room, even between Reaves and Coach Doug Dickey, who have had their differences. In Atlanta, Coach Bud Carson of Georgia Tech was happy, too, because the Jackets' 12-6 victory over Florida State insured their second straight winning season. The heroes were the members of Tech's defense, who held Florida State without a touchdown for the first time in 38 games. They also allowed State Quarterback Gary Huff only 12 of 41 passes, intercepted him once and sacked him six times for losses totaling 45 yards.

*continued*

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And Du Pont herbicides are being used by farmers all over the world to help grow more of everything from cotton to sugarcane.

There's a world of things we're doing something about.





In the Atlantic Coast Conference, Wake Forest ripped Duke 23-7, and North Carolina found out that Don McCauley did not graduate after all. This year his name in Lewis Jolley, and against Virginia he ran 32 times for 167 yards and caught a touchdown pass as the Tar Heels won 22-20 to clinch at least a tie for the league title.

In Memphis they are having a grand old time playing politics with football. De is it football with politics? First there was the state legislature who said last week he would introduce a resolution asking that Memphis State Coach Billy Murphy be relieved of his coaching duties. Which raised a question: Doesn't the Tennessee legislature have something more important to worry about? Mayor Henry Loeb got into the act, too, by declaring Saturday, the day of State's game with North Texas State, "Support Memphis State Football Day." So, naturally, a paltry 13,788 showed up. Some support, but then the Tigers have some team. They beat North Texas 47-8 and won a trip to the Pasadena Bowl, although their overall record is only 4-5. If you do not understand all this, welcome to the club.

After Houston demolished Virginia Tech 56-29, Coach Bill Yeoman immediately began to lobby for a bowl bid. "This is the most dangerous schedule we've ever played," he said. "I think we've played well enough to go to a bowl." They certainly played well enough against Tech, containing Quarterback Don Stock, the nation's leading passer, and stuffing the Gobblers with plenty of Veer T. Gary Mullins threw three touchdown passes, and Robert Newhouse gained more than 100 yards—201 to be exact—for the 13th time in 14 games.

## MIDWEST

1. OKLAHOMA (9-0)
2. NEBRASKA (10-0)
3. MICHIGAN (10-0)

Now we all know why Michigan is ranked only No. 3 in the nation. It is not because of Nebraska and Oklahoma, as most people supposed. Not at all, says Coach Bo Schembechler of Michigan, who revealed the truth last week at his press luncheon before the Wolverines' game at Purdue. "We will never be No. 1 in the nation because of the press," said Schembechler, apparently asked because his team's thrilling 63-7 win over Iowa did not merit as much space in the Michigan newspapers as Michigan State's 17-10 upset of Ohio State. And Bo did not stop at that. Asked what he thought about the polls, he snapped: "They're worse than the wires."

Against Purdue, Michigan was lucky to

be the No. 1 team in Lafayette, Ind. In the end all that stood between the Wolverines and Purdue was Dana Com's 25-yard field goal with 43 seconds left to play. The Boilermakers did some things to Michigan that no other team has been able to do this season. Like score 17 points, score in the third quarter and complete two TD passes in the same game. The man who made Michigan boil the most was Quarterback Gary Danielson, who hit on five of nine passes for 110 yards, and both TDs, before being injured late in the third quarter. For Michigan the heroes were Running Backs Ed Shuttlesworth, Billy Taylor and Glenn Doughty and, of course, Co. "He doesn't just kick, either," said Sports Information Director Will Perry. "He's out there in practice as a linebacker—a good one, too."

Afterward Schembechler said, "Just call us G-U-T-T-Y. And I'll say it again—G-U-T-T-Y. We are the best." D.K., Bo, but do not forget to look at those Oklahoma and Nebraska scores. Could it be that the writers—and the polls—are not as S-T-U-P-I-D as you think?

Well, Ohio State lost again. In Columbus. So what else is new? This time the Buckeyes were beaten by Northwestern, 14-10, and afterward Coach Alex Agase enthused, "This is the most magnificent game I've ever been associated with as coach." The difference was that Northwestern was able to sustain a drive and score late in the game—a la the Buckeyes of old—while Ohio State was not. Trailing 14-10, the Buckeyes were stopped when Mike Coughlin intercepted a Dan Larka pass at the Wildcat 14. Northwestern later marched 64 yards in 18 plays to score the game winner. Now Ohio State has lost three times—all at home—and it is loaded with injuries heading into this week's game at Michigan. Down deep now, don't you feel sorry for Woody?

Coach Bob Blackman put on his lucky orange blazer, and Illinois, which lost its first six, beat Wisconsin 35-27 for its fourth straight. The last time the Illini did that was in 1953. At East Lansing Eric (The Flea) Allen scored four times as Michigan State whipped Minnesota 40-25. And in South Bend, Notre Dame overcame a 7-0 halftime deficit to beat Tulane 21-7 before scours from the Sugar, Gator, Liberty and Fiesta Bowls. Notre Dame in the Fiesta Bowl? Heaven help us all.

In the Big Eight all the great runners are not at Oklahoma and Nebraska. Colorado's Charlie Davis gained 342 yards in 34 carries—breaking Greg Pruitt's conference record set early this season and falling just eight yards short of Eric Allen's NCAA mark—as the Buffaloes routed Oklahoma State 40-6. Davis now has 1,190 yards for this year, breaking the school record set by Byron (Whizzer) White in 1937.

## SOUTHWEST

1. HOUSTON (7-2)
2. TEXAS (7-2)
3. ARKANSAS (7-2-1)

This Texas team is only a shadow of its stamped predecessors, yet now it seems likely that the Longhorns will be back home on that ol' familiar range on New Year's Day—the Cotton Bowl. After beating TCU 31-0 in its most impressive performance since early in the season, Coach Darrell Royal's gang now has a 5-1 Southwest Conference record. Their only conqueror, Arkansas, is 4-1-1 and shriveling up faster than a piece of frying bacon. To edge out Texas, the Razorbacks must beat Texas Tech Saturday, while the Longhorns must be upset by Texas A&M on Thanksgiving Day.

TCU held Texas to a 7-0 lead at halftime, but the Longhorns came out snorting in the third period. Even when Quarterback Eddie Phillips was injured—again—in the middle of a sustained drive, Donnie Wriginton jumped right in and took Texas on to its second touchdown. From there it was a case of who would gain the most yardage—Jim Bertelsen or Dennis Ladd. Bertelsen went up with 94 to pass Steve Worster and become the second leading rusher in Texas history, trailing only Chris Gilbert. And Ladd, a sophomore, looked like the next Gilbert-Worster-Bertelsen as he gained 89 yards in 15 carries.

In another mediocre performance Arkansas squeaked past SMU 18-13. The Mustangs made a game out of it thanks mainly to some Arkansas bungling. Deep in their own territory, the Razorbacks put the ball in the air, and SMU Cornerback Pat Curry stole it and ran 34 yards for a TD to pull the Mustangs to 12-10. Moments later the Mustangs recovered a fumble, and Chipper Johnson kicked a field goal to give them the lead. Enter Ducky Morton, who led a late drive that culminated in Jon Richardson's game-winning touchdown run from the two.

## EAST

1. PENN STATE (9-0)
2. DARTMOUTH (7-1)
3. CORNELL (7-1)

Even at halftime, when Cornell trailed Dartmouth 17-0 in the Ivy League's answer to the Super Bowl, none of Ed Mariano's rooters were overly worried. The game was Cornell's only TV appearance, right? And Big Ed wanted to win the Heisman, right? And Cornell needed a win to insure its first unduped Ivy title and at first unbeaten sea-

*continued*

son since 1939, right? So surely in the second half Mannaro would come roaring out with that Frank Merriwell glint in his eyes and stomp Dartmouth into a big green pulp while Chris and Bud golly-gee-whizzed up there in the ABC booth. That's how it just had to end, didn't it?

Well, yes and no. Mannaro did indeed bestir himself after an unspectacular first half. Early in the third quarter Cornell scored after a blocked punt and nine straight Mannaro carries. The next time Cornell got its hands on the ball, Mannaro broke a 46-yard touchdown run, by far his biggest gain of the day. Right then would have been a fine time for the Indians to fold up their tents and fade into the sunset. Instead, Quarterback Steve Stogston, who did not know he was going to start until 1½ hours before kickoff, pulled his team together and took it on a quick touchdown march for a 24-14 lead. And early in the final period, when Cornell had a fourth and four on the Dartmouth 22, the Indians' Weymouth Crowell stopped Mannaro short of a first down. That ended Cornell's last serious threat because the Big Red does not have any such thing as a catch-up offense. In the waning moments, when it should have been going for the berth, Cornell still was running Mannaro into the line, as if it was sitting on a 10-point lead. When it was apparent that Cornell was done, a segment of the Indian cheering section could not resist sticking a fork in Mannaro, serenading him with that old ditty we all know and love, "Goodbye Heisman." Which, of course, was slightly out of tune with Mannaro's statistics: 177 yards and two TDs on 44 carries.

Over at University Park, Pa., against North Carolina State, Penn State got off like the Penn Central. Slow, that is. After three quarters the nation's No. 2 scoring team was ahead by only 7-3, but then it was All Aboard! and away we go. When the express finally stopped rolling, Penn State had a 35-3 victory—its ninth of the year and 14th straight. The locomotive, as usual, was Lydell Mitchell, who scored three of Penn State's four last-quarter touchdowns. His four-touchdown outburst gave Mitchell 23 for the season, breaking the NCAA record set by Art Luppino of Arizona way back in 1954.

It was a booming week for the military, too, as Army topped Pitt 17-14 on Jim Barclay's 20-yard field goal, Navy dumped puzzling Syracuse by the same score. Boston College (7-2) was held to zero yardage in the first half but rallied to beat Northern Illinois 20-0. Across town, Boston U. took on Delaware, the nation's top small-college team, and got a 54-0 drubbing. And for all you Gary Ward fans (SI, Nov. 15), the nation's top small-college quarterback passed for three TDs and 232 yards as C.W. Post routed Kings Point 47-0.

## WEST

1. ARIZONA STATE (8-1)
2. USC (6-4)
3. STANFORD (7-3)

In the last exciting installment of the Perils of the Pacific Eight, we learned that Stanford had won the league championship and the accompanying trip to the Rose Bowl. And that the Pac Eight was really the Pac Seven because California was on NCAA probation for playing two young men who had been declared scholastically ineligible. But wonder of wonders, now we find that California is hypothetically eligible after all. And if it is, and if the Bears beat Stanford this week, then it might be California against Michigan in the Rose Bowl instead of the Indians.

It looks like this: The attorneys for Isaac Curtis and Larry Brunsey showed up in U.S. District Court last week charging that the NCAA had acted "arbitrarily and capriciously" in ruling the players ineligible because they did not take the 1.6 predictability test as required. The action further charged that the NCAA had violated the due process clause of the 14th amendment. The matter turned into a civil-rights hearing when expert witnesses were introduced to testify that the college admission tests discriminate against blacks and underprivileged students. The case was heard by Judge Albert C. Wollenberg in U.S. District Court in San Francisco, who recessed the hearing and tentatively scheduled another late this month.

Should the judge grant the requested injunction, Cal's probation would be lifted and the Bears' 4-2 Pac Eight record would count in the league standings. And if the Bears also beat Stanford, then each would have a 5-2 record, and Cal just might get the Rose Bowl bid by virtue of its win over the Indians. "The court has not shut us out yet," said Coach Ray Wilkey.

The Bears kept their ball rolling by beating Oregon 17-10 at Eugene. With the score tied late in the last period, Sam Garamendi intercepted an Oregon pass at the Duck 38 after it bounced off the shoulder pads of an Oregon receiver. Seven straight carries by Steve Kemmner put the ball on the four, and from there Rick Jones scored the winner with just 54 seconds left.

Meantime, Stanford, which has long since proven that it can lose to just about anybody, was embarrassed by San Jose State 31-12, thanks at least in part to some uncharacteristically shoddy kicking by Rodrigo Garcia, who has been troubled by a bad heel. Going into the game Garcia led the nation in field goals with 14 and had accounted for 64 points. But against San Jose he missed five field-goal attempts and even

an extra point. His last missed field goal came with 17 seconds left and Stanford on San Jose's three-yard line. All day Garcia had been off to the left, so this time he tried to compensate with a strong kick to the right. It missed, too, and Stanford was done. The blame had to be shared, however. The Indians gave San Jose a TD in the first half when, on fourth down, Punter Steve Murray fumbled a poor snap in the end zone, then tried to run it out instead of settling for a safety. He was tackled on the one by Linebacker Dave Chaney, and San Jose was set up for an easy score. Also, Quarterback Don Hince fumbled late in the game to stop a Stanford drive at the San Jose 40. Said Coach John Ralston, "I never thought until the last few seconds that we would lose this game." Well, no matter what happens to Stanford, San Jose may just have won itself a bowl trip to Pasadena—for the Pasadena Bowl on Dec. 18.

It was a weird day in Seattle, where Washington played host to USC. Instead of the high-scoring affair that everyone expected, the score was only 12-10, in Washington's favor, with only 3:40 left to play. Then came the biggest giveaway this side of foreign aid. Backed up in their own territory with a two-point lead, the Huskies made no attempt to run out the clock. Instead, Sonny Sockiller went to the air and was intercepted by USC's Skip Thomas at the Huskies' 40. Four plays took the Trojans to the Washington 11. From there it was an easy chip shot for Kicker Mike Rae with 2:12 left. "It'll take a whole year for me to get over this one," moaned Huskie Coach Jim Owens.

Quarterback Rocky Long scored three TDs and passed for another as New Mexico beat Texas-El Paso 49-13 in the Western Athletic Conference. And Arizona State bowled over Wyoming 52-19 to win its third straight WAC title. Trailing 6-3 early in the third quarter, Arizona State began to roll behind Steve Holden's 90-yard punt return. According to Holden, he was supposed to run outside but went up the middle instead because his vision was blocked by beads of sweat in his eye.

## PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**THE LINEMAN:** San Jose Linebacker Dave Chaney (15' 11" and 218 pounds) made 14 individual tackles, recovered two fumbles and intercepted a pass in his team's 13-12 upset of Stanford. One recovery set up a San Jose TD.

**THE BACK:** Colorado's Charlie Davis gained 342 yards on 34 carries—including a 67-yard TD run—as the Buffaloes whipped Oklahoma State 40-6. His total, a Big Eight record, missed the national mark by only eight yards.



# How do you manage money when you haven't got any money?

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## Fortunes of a new tough cookie

Rookie Elmore Smith is paying off for the Nabisco tycoon who is building a sweet team at Buffalo



A shiny steel pedestal stands inside the front door of the Braves' luxuriously appointed boardroom in Buffalo Memorial Auditorium. For the moment it is topped by a silver vase containing blue and white plastic snapdragons, but Paul Snyder—a cocky little man who looks and acts like pro football's Hank Stram—does not hide the fact that the stand was not installed just to hold some prissy, fake nosegay. "Ah, the flowers are movable," says the owner of the Braves, swiping a demeaning paw in the direction of the pedestal. "That's up there so we have someplace to put our first NBA championship trophy."

Snyder, whose substantial fortune is tied up in Nabisco as well as in the Braves, has not flipped his Big Newton. The expansion team is only a season old—a dismal season, at that—but already it is helping to frighten the endless, cold gray of wintertime Buffalo. The second-year Braves are likely to be the first of the latest expansion group to make the playoffs and may be only a couple of years from becoming a championship contender playing in the style of Bill Russell's Boston Celtics.

The main reason for this abrupt turnabout is Elmore Smith, a mere pup of a player who nonetheless stands 7' tall and is certainly among the best paid, if per-

haps not the best paid, team athlete in America. The Braves made Smith their first pick in last spring's draft, a fortuitous occurrence since two teams close ahead of them, Cleveland and Portland both decided on bigger names of lesser height, and Buffalo drew Smith.

It was quite a break: although underpublicized while playing for tiny Kentucky State, Smith still was no secret to pro scouts, some of whom spent last winter lallygagging around Frankfort as Elmore led the Thorobreds to the NAIA championship. They were skeptical of his offense, but recognized his defense—a center's most important attribute—as pure Russell in the rough. Their analysis proved precise. Smith is the second coming of Wilt Chamberlain at the foul line and has shot only 41' from the floor, but his shot blocking has already begun to force teams to move their top guns away from their usual fire bives.

"Russell was way ahead of Elmore at this same point in his career because he had had major college competition," says Brave Coach John McCarthy, who was both Russell's opponent and teammate in the NBA. "But I think Elmore has more equipment. He's bigger, more explosive and more fluid offensively."

The Braves did not have long to celebrate their good fortune over drafting

Smith, especially when it came time to negotiate a contract. Smith's talents alone would have earned him a high salary on today's inflated basketball wage scale, but he found himself in an even better market when signing him became a point of pride with the NBA. The older league had already lost last year's other two prime center prospects to the ABA, Artis Gilmore to Kentucky and Jim McDaniels to Carolina. So Snyder signed Smith to a five-year contract at what he says—without leaning on a Bible—is about \$450,000 a year, clearly a lot of Oreo Creme Sandwiches.

Whatever the exact figure, folks in the NBA do not throw around such big sums without reason, they believe a few high-priced rookies are of sufficient caliber to bring it all back at the gate. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Pete Maravich fit that special category. Smith also appears worth it. Buffalo has enjoyed the largest attendance increase in the league so far this season (8,149 per game, up from 5,000 last year), and the team's potential for improved play is an omen of bigger advances to come. Despite a loss to Milwaukee last Saturday, the Braves have won three of their last four games and are battling New York for third place in the Atlantic Division. Buffalo could conceivably earn a playoff spot. While the Braves

continued



*If that were  
just a slogan,  
the next two pages  
would be blank*

Before a company signs its advertising with "Men helping Man," that company had better be trying to do something about problems like pollution, crime, transportation, heart disease, the energy crisis. That company had better be trying to do something about

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In fact, General Electric is probably working in more of these problem areas than any other company.

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Water from the system, like the lake itself, is pure enough to drink. But, even so, it's pumped over an 8,000-foot mountain pass into a reservoir for swimming and fishing.

The people of Tahoe want only pure mountain streams flowing into the lake.

General Electric motors, controls, meters and GE service people help keep the whole sewage-treatment system working.

GE also has a new idea for purifying water. A new membrane, developed through GE research, may lead to a home filtering unit that will keep viruses and bacteria out of your drinking water.

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without street lights.  
Sometimes.*



Where new streetlights have gone up, the crime and accident rate has gone down.

In cities like Detroit, New York, Indianapolis and Hartford, new street-lighting systems from General Electric have helped cut night crime in lighted areas by better than 50%.

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For many Philadelphia commuters, the eight-hour day doesn't seem as long as it used to. Because they now save up to an hour in travel time every day.

They ride the country's first automated rapid transit system.

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GE is working in other ways to help people travel.

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"I died  
three years before  
she was born."



Before I passed out, I remember thinking, "This is what it's like to die."

Five years ago, before his granddaughter was born, Bernie Wallach had what might have been a fatal heart attack.

But he was lucky enough to be near a hospital with General Electric coronary-monitoring equipment.

The equipment gave doctors an instant electronic reading of Bernie's condition. Later, it kept watch over every beat of his heart for signs of another attack.

GE coronary-monitoring equipment improves a heart patient's chance of survival by about 30%. And people like Bernie Wallach are alive today because of it.

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the air than a  
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Fourteen years ago, GE built the first nuclear power plant ever licensed. Today, GE is helping develop a "breeder reactor." A breeder makes more fuel than it uses. In the next 20 years, breeders should begin making the job of meeting the country's demand for electricity easier.

This is a picture  
of the exhaust from  
our new jet engine.



This is an overexposed picture of our newest jet engine running at full take-off power. Where's the smoke? There's no smoke at all.

The engine in the picture is on a test stand. But virtually smokeless engines just like it are now in airline service on the McDonnell Douglas DC-10.

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Of course, we offer all the better options shown—air conditioning, radio, console/clock, automatic transmission, and passenger-side racing mirror.

That's our new Mercury Cougar XR-7. The luxury sports car that sets the standards for the others in 1972.

Better ideas make better cars

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figure to improve as the season grows older, Philadelphia's age problem could become a burden to the 76ers by midseason, and the Knicks, even after trading last week for Earl Monroe, appear to be falling into disarray.

It was not so long ago that there was plenty of confusion in Buffalo. Last year the Braves began the season as the most promising of the expansion teams, but ended up with a sorry 22-60 record. Dolph Schayes, a generous sort who became an upstate New York hero as an All-Star with the old Syracuse Nats, coached the team during those dreary days, and despite player complaints about his leadership, he was retained when it was all over. But then Buffalo played poorly in its exhibition games this fall and lost its opener by 33 points to Seattle. In an abrupt—some Buffalo fans have called it ruthless—move, Snyder and General Manager Eddie Donovan, the man who put together New York's title-winning team of two seasons ago, fired Schayes and replaced him with McCarthy, then a scout.

As if that weren't upsetting enough, one Buffalo newspaper quoted Snyder as saying the players cheered when he announced the departure of the old coach. Snyder now denies it; he says that what he really told reporters was merely that the team applauded the selection of McCarthy. The players say all the yelling was simply to get themselves psyched up for working under a new coach. Either way, there were a few bleak days at Buffalo and now Schayes, technically still under contract, has been waiting for written permission from the Braves so that he can negotiate for a new career elsewhere.

"I wasn't a little disappointed by last year, I was a lot disappointed," Snyder said last week. "I'm used to running a business and I felt it was the right decision to let Dolph go. So I did it. After the way we played in the first game I felt I would rather sell the franchise than watch another performance like that."

"The night he made the change he told us, 'I've never been a loser before and I don't intend to start with you.' I'll tell you that Snyder is one tough cookie," says Forward John Hummer about one of Nabisco's largest shareholders.

Snyder and Donovan admit they have been saved further embarrassment by the immediate success of McCarthy. The new coach is a soft-spoken Buffalo na-

tive who played at Canisius College and even likes the local climate. "The weather here is great," he says. "I like it because you have definite changes of season." (Exactly. The weather is so definite in Buffalo that Memorial Auditorium posts the winter temperatures—complete with a plus or minus sign—on the scoreboard.) Once last season, bouncing out on court to warm up for a game, Lenny Wilkens glanced over at the board. "Wow, it's 40 degrees in here," he said. "That's too cold to play; isn't there an NBA rule that you can't play in a 40-degree arena or something like that?" Wilkens was assured that it was 40 degrees outside (Buffalo was having a heat wave at the time) and considerably warmer inside. The game went on.

Meanwhile, McCarthy's Braves are not unlike Stengel's Yankees. Every Buffalo player has started at least one game, and only three of them, Walt Hazzard, Bob Kauffman and Smith, figure to be regulars every time. Hazzard, acquired in a trade with Atlanta, lends stability to the offense with his seven years of NBA experience. Kauffman, who led the team in scoring last year as the center, has successfully moved to forward to average 22.6 points a game.

A muscular player who dominates opponents under the offensive backboards, Kauffman is nicknamed Ajax. Not for an ancient hero, his teammates point out; there aren't that many mythologists in the NBA. This name applies to the cleanser that is stronger than dirt. Clean or not, Kauffman's only weakness is on defense—and there he is amply backed up by Smith. Elmore, no slender giant at 250 pounds, is very quick and leaps extraordinarily well, an ideal combination that allows him to wander from his man and bat away shots in the key and along the baseline. But his teammates seem as impressed by his maturity as by his many physical skills.

"The E is beautiful to watch. He's got such grace," says Hummer. "I think we're gonna have a world championship here someday. I have never seen a guy so mature at 22. He doesn't care about scoring, he doesn't fool around—he just wants to win. You should have seen him the first time against Wilt. First, Wilt grabs the ball, shoves E out of bounds and off the edge of the court and dunks it. The E calmly goes down to the other end, gets the ball, runs right at Wilt, slams it in and then quiet-

ly walks away without saying a thing."

"Elmore is hungry," says Kauffman. "He's making a defensive genius out of me," adds Hazzard, who, like other Brave guards, is now free to risk stealing the ball because Smith stands behind him.

"It's very hard to psych me out," says Smith, his face as impassive off the court as on. "I'll accept it if you come out and do your thing against me, but I'm not gonna get emotional about it."

This is only Smith's fourth year as a regular player. He did not make his high school varsity until the middle of his senior year, and even then he played only about 18 minutes in six games. "I'm from a family of sprouters," he says. "I grew from 5' 11" to 6' 6" the summer after my junior year of high school and I was 6' 10" by the time I graduated. That's hard to believe, but not when you think of my brothers. One of them is in the Army now, and he was considered by the Dallas Cowboys. He is 6' 10" and weighs 295 pounds. I also have a little brother at home who was 6' 3" last Easter and he is around 6' 9" now."

When he first arrived at Kentucky State, Smith thought all blocked shots were goaltending. When he found that to be untrue, he went away in the other direction: "In one game, I blocked 24 shots; 12 of them were legal and the other 12 were called goaltending."

Well, he understands the blocking rules so clearly now that the Portland Trail Blazers must have thought all the Smith boys were playing under the basket by the time Elmore finished with them one night last week. In the 109-100 win the Braves needed to move briefly into third place, Smith, who pulled down 17 rebounds, tipped and smashed 14 Portland shots. He styemmed a Blazer rally with blocks on four successive plays and added six others in the fourth period as Buffalo pulled away. His presence allowed Guard Emmette Bryant to make two steals that sparked the Braves' winning spurt. Also in the final quarter, Smith halted three successive Portland opportunities to narrow a slim Buffalo lead. Twice he flicked away Center Bill Smith's hook, and then on one play he tipped Blazer Rick Adelman's shot, only to have it land in Portland's Stan McKenzie's hands on the other side of the basket. Smith coolly glided across and smashed the second shot as well—a play that indeed was no small cookies. **END**

## What kind of racket is this?

Swatting shuttlecocks may not be the toughest of sporting pastimes, but it was superb conditioning that carried two Texans to their titles

An odd game, the badminton we played as kids, a game of maddening and subtle charms: the satisfying ping of a rare good shot vibrating through the little racket, then the bird rising slowly in a high, tempting arc, and whiff, where did it go? Somehow it had a way of dying in flight, of plummeting to the lumpy lawn as if shot, while the player went crashing into the net. Outdoors, with the feathery bird in the breeze, playing badminton was like trying to spear butterflies with a salad fork. None of us ever became really good players.

There are plainly a number of them in this country in 1971. Two weeks ago,

for example, The Houston Badminton Tournament was an all-too-pallid name for what went on in the Fondé Recreation Center. The competition, drawing primarily from the Southwest, may not have been world class, but the play bore little resemblance to the back-lawn variety and the surroundings would certainly have been a revelation to the game's outdoor practitioners. Play at Houston's indoor badminton courts had hardly begun when a player sneered and gestured toward the ceiling. His birds were flipping over on high serves, he complained, so they turned the air conditioner from low to off, which indirectly

said it all about the outdoor game familiar to most Americans. Indoor courts cost money, though, and the shortage of such facilities has stuck the sport in this country with an unwanted reputation for being strictly backyard. "Six hundred millionaires in Houston, and not one of them a badminton player," a white-haired entrant complained.

The man was tournament chairman, and his name was Sheldon (Sandy) McIntosh. He had a rosy Colonel Sanders face, was entered in doubles competition and, "kissing 70," as he put it, was the oldest tournament player in the country. He kept saying things like, "People always thought badminton was a sissy game, but it's tougher than tennis. We've got no time to recuperate after a shot." And thinking of it, one realizes that badminton is the only racket sport in which the ball (or bird) does not bounce between strokes. McIntosh offered other more personal insights: "When my time comes it'll come," he said. "It may be in bed or it may be on the court." His

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time, it appears, has threatened to come pretty frequently. In 1929 a thug put a .38 slug through his badminton shoulder. Thirteen years later he broke his back. In 1957 a horse fell on him and fractured his shoulder in three places—the badminton shoulder again. Two years later a reckless driver struck his car, fracturing his skull and breaking half his ribs; he spent 12 days unconscious, 30 more in bed. Then, six months ago, Melmosh felt a terrible pain in his back. He knew it was a heart attack, but he wouldn't sit down. "My philosophy," he says, "is to fight like the devil." He didn't bother seeing a doctor, and next day he went to the gym, had a workout and another attack. Still no doctor. A few days passed, then "pain everywhere," he recalls, so he took a glass of brandy and felt fine. A week later, though, on Mother's Day, with his fourth coronary in three weeks, he gave in and spent 40 hours in an oxygen tent. Now, in November, he was on the court again. Badminton players

are tough, it seems, like their sport.

Another doubles entry at Houston was Donald Kerr of New Orleans, at 59 a long way from being the country's oldest badminton player, but certainly the only one with a wooden leg. Kerr is director of The National Institute of Amputee Rehabilitation, a kind of work he began with returning veterans during World War II. He lost his own leg at eight, but decided to be an athlete soon afterward, and he says that by high school he was high-jumping six feet and running the high hurdles. At Tulane University he made the boxing team and later turned semipro, lighting some 75 times without a loss between 1932 and 1951. For 35 years Kerr has coached and played badminton, and until he tore his right knee apart running 100-yard dashes he would wind up his matches by leaping over the five-foot net. At Houston he said, "I'm primarily interested in a person going home and saying to his kid, 'Hey, get off your fanny, I just saw a guy...'"

The man does impress people. No player traveled farther to Houston than a 26-year-old Kerr admirer named John Jaymont. A first lieutenant at Virginia's Fort Belvoir army base, Jaymont had played badminton growing up in Baltimore, and in September of 1970 he had begun practicing again at a Washington, D.C. gym where, he recalls, "This old man walked in with a wooden leg and a couple of drinks under his belt and he wanted to play badminton. No problem, I thought, but after one game I realized I hadn't been doing anything right. He corrected my footwork, my backhand—everything." A month later Jaymont won the badminton championship of Maryland.

Jaymont's semifinal match at Houston was against the Texas champion, a more experienced 29-year-old named Ted Egerton who that morning had said, "Played right, a game of singles can be murder," and there was a classic badminton match, perhaps the tournament's best. A tennis court is 78

continued

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## Outdoor makeup, you say? Well, tan my hide!

Ex-paratrooper Jess Bell mixed up a special batch of stuff for fresh-air fiends, and next thing the competition knew, he was the cosmetics king of the ski world. Now even schussboomer Billy Kidd smears it on

Jess Bell did not set out deliberately to become a big man in the beauty business. For one thing, he doesn't exactly look the part: he is 46 years old and just a bit jowly, he prefers faded denim clothes to fancy duds, and he would rather go skiing than stand around looking arty in some perfumed salon. Besides, who would ever have guessed that such a thing could happen to a guy from Ohio. This is no knock on Ohio—but "cosmetics" and "Cleveland" would never match in a word-association game.

Yet here is Jess Bell, red bandanna and all, surrounded by a tree draped with beautiful young girls, his Mercedes 280 SL parked just off camera, and he is wearing the look of a man who has found the secret. He found it first, which is why he is there.

There was the family business, a concern called Bonne Bell Cosmetics, which had been moving along modestly since 1927, certainly no threat to such as Revlon or Fabergé or Helena Rubinstein, especially since customers often had to be told that the funny first name was pronounced "Bonnie." When Bell took over from his father in 1959 he knew that, for all its scented exterior, the cosmetics business is a fierce game full of mean in-fighting. The big, established firms already had a lock on the beauty shop and well-advertised glamour end of the line. So Bell took a sidestep that everybody figured was crazy at the time: he aimed his cosmetics at sport in general and skiing in particular.

Anyone who once bet against selling sporting makeup knows what happened next. Bell's first move was to start producing a mixture he calls "serious ski lipstick," then suntanning and high-altitude creams, all avoiding the oldtime, pasty-white zinc-oxide stuff that makes wearers look like refugees from the

Land of the Living Dead. He added antichap preparations, after-ski pomades, even a tanning stain that instantly transforms city folks into ski instructors, and he called the whole line ski cosmetics. Then, when major store outlets and ski area shops were slowly warming to the idea, Bell tossed in the girls. And that did it.

Bell's beauties all look as if they had just dropped in from the wholesome house next door. Or you wish the house next door produced such neighbors. They definitely do not make up in the oldtime, Hollywood sense: there isn't a purple-shadowed eyelid or a rouged cheekbone in the bunch. Instead, the emphasis is on a sort of dewy-cheeked outdoor look, complete with creamy tan and snowy teeth. Pure, too, is the team's costume—shiny red, white and blue, star-spangled outfits.

While the more elegant cosmeticians continued to fight over the big-city sales, Bell added his key slogan, "Out There You Need Us Baby," and began a campaign of color ads and calendars that almost always pictured his girls romping heartily through the snow or zestily up a tree, which is certainly unchic and just about corny enough to catch on.

And cosmetics for men? Well, why not? Refusing to mess around with masculine smells and suitably beefy packaging like other manufacturers, Bell simply added ex-Olympian and FIS world gold medalist Billy Kidd to the team. Kidd's ruggedness has never been in question, and he wears Bell's outdoor cosmetics with never a blush. The ads note, "Billy Kidd wears our stuff. You should, too." Then, just so there would be absolutely no mistake about his stance, Bell introduced himself in another ad: "Jess Bell Likes Girls."

Before all this business with the beautiful girls and before the millions began to roll in, Bell had almost given up the skin game for a military career. He spent seven years in the Army, the last three

as a paratrooper in the Korean war, for which he had re-enlisted. "I've been criticized for being extremely patriotic," he says, "but I just believe in courage and our country." In Cleveland, Bell works in a fiercely early American atmosphere and when he dresses up for dinner he puts on a stars-and-stripes tie.

Plenty of Bonne Bell candidates were applying for jobs even before an article in *Sking* magazine noted, "If you're blonde, beautiful, have car, will travel and can beat Killy in slalom, write: Jess Bell. . . ." Now more than 100 girls apply each season, all lovely and each one an expert skier. The chosen nine start at \$600 a month, plus expenses and free ski equipment, ready to ski, dance, demonstrate makeup, backpack or drive through blizzards for the cause.

"A Bonne Bell girl doesn't say, 'It's cold, I'm going inside,'" says one of them, Ann Douglas. And while "Bonne Bell girls have been known to dance on tabletops," Sally Liman says, the constant schedule of sking-to-be-seen is tough. Six-foot Betsy Glenn Barrymore, onetime New York ski queen, is called Big Bess by Bell, and can lug four pair of skis through an airport lobby and still look attractive. Bettie Evans, an ex-ski instructor and stewardess who works out of Denver, thinks nothing of driving alone over icy Loveland Pass at night—quite a scary experience. Some ski-shop owners won't place an order with a Bonne Bell girl until they have seen her ski. "Let's take a run," they will say. "Let's see if you know what you're talking about."

All of them profess to enjoy the job, and Karin Allen, team captain, figures that it is better than being Miss America. "A girl must be a good skier," she says, "but for the rest of her qualities, Jess goes by vibrations." At one recent company dinner, Linda Agasson arrived in a floor-length gown. Bell protested, "But you have great legs." Next dinner, Linda wore her miniskirt. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEITER

**TYPICAL JESS BELL** approach to selling: pose with one treeful of budding young beauties.

## For Jack, that beat goes on

**Still white-hot, Big Jack Nicklaus seared a strong World Cup field**

There was a time when the Indonesians used to show up without golf clubs or shoes, when a Rumanian arrived two days too late and played nine holes just to prove there was golf behind the Iron Curtain, when Gary Player competed as a teen-ager and spent most of the week in the gallery watching Ben Hogan, when a host nation wanted to supply the field with pull carts instead of caddies; and there was, of course, a time when Americans used to joke that the World Cup was the only tournament in which a guy felt he should tip half the entries.

All of this is well in the past, and the World Cup championship that Jack Nicklaus dominated last week on a course located only a drive and a long iron from his home in Lost Tree Village, Fla., has matured into one of the most fascinating, if not one of the most necessary, tournaments in professional golf. In a sport and world where money—big gobs of it—has come to mean so much, it seems sort of nice to have this one week out of the year when Nicklaus can pound out a nine-under-par 63 for the sheer pleasure of it, and when Nicklaus and Lee Trevino, our two best players of the hour, can go out and try to defend the honor of the flag against 45 other countries with little other reward than the simple satisfaction of proving they really are the best. Nicklaus, in fact, had never played hotter golf in his life over a three-week stretch or won less money for his efforts. He was 19 under par in winning the Australian Open and 14 under par in winning the Dunlop Masters, also in Australia a week later. Then he came home to Palm Beach and was 17 under while capturing the International Trophy, the individual part

of the World Cup proceedings. And for all of this, for an appalling 50 under par in 12 straight competitive rounds, Jack made but \$9,512.

During the streak, he fashioned two of his lowest rounds ever. There was the 62 he shot in Australia at the Dunlop despite bogeys on the last two holes. "That's probably the closest I'll ever come to breaking 60," he said. "I should have birdied both holes, and I holeeyed them." And then there was that 63 on Saturday, which practically ended the World Cup, a round that featured not only a bogey but a penalty stroke on another hole when he hit into the water.

"All that good golf for no money must prove you're still an amateur at heart," somebody told Nicklaus.

"Yeah," he said. "Either that or I'm pretty dumb with my timing."

Since big business in America does not get a very good press these days, it probably will not hurt to lay a little cred-

it on the six major corporations that keep believing in friendship through golf and continue to sustain the World Cup, an annual event for which all nations are invited to send two pros to some exotic land for good, clean, unmercenary competition, an event where some nations even manage to send golfers.

Whether such stalwart believers in international goodwill through golf as American Express, Pan-Am, NCR, ITT, General Foods and Time Inc. get their money's worth by providing an opportunity for a guy from Singapore to make an 18 on a single hole is another question. The point, probably, is that for a few days a golfer named Alvin Liao of Singapore, despite his 18 and subsequent 98, gets to post his score on the same board with a Jack Nicklaus.

Some of the golf, naturally, is awfully funny. The bulk of the field could not take its best ball and beat Nicklaus or Trevino, but most of the golfers seem



JACK AND LEE, THE WORLD'S BEST GOLF ACT, PROVED TO BE A TOUGH ONE TO FOLLOW



to regard the tournament more seriously each year, and as Director Fred Corcoran says, "It's the only event I know of where guys shake hands on the 1st tee and wish each other luck instead of asking what number ball they're playing."

Corcoran, ageless and one of the best promoters in golf, has been nurturing the event for nearly all of its years. The World Cup used to be known as the Canada Cup, and it was originated by the late John Jay Hopkins of General Dynamics in 1953. One day in 1954 at Baltusrol, Hopkins asked Corcoran, "What's wrong with my tournament?" We only had seven countries there."

Corcoran said, "You played it in Canada where all they know is hockey scores. Take it all over the world."

Hopkins told Corcoran to take it, and Corcoran has. At first nobody wanted it except the major corporations that came in as sponsors, but now at least 15 countries a year beg to be the host. It is possible for the World Cup to go just about anywhere and have as smoothly run a tournament as the PGA National Golf Club staged last week, with flags flying and dozens of members out helping the Lihyans find their shots in the deep rough.

A little over a decade ago the Melbourne sponsors thought they could stage the event without caddies, suggesting that everybody in the field use a pull cart. The problem was solved when Corcoran produced 100 handbooks explaining the art of caddying. The Royal Melbourne club distributed them to the university from which the caddies would be hired. "They called the pros mister, which was a first," said Corcoran, and they turned out to be excellent, on a par, for instance, with Nicklaus' caddie last week, an unemployed Ph.D. from Argentina.

It was three years ago in Rome when a little golfer named Paul Tomita showed up from Rumania. It was his first time out of the country in 31 years. He played nine holes on the third day and stood proudly while the Rumanian flag was raised with those of the other nations. Last week he was in Palm Beach, announcing he would start the tournament with a golf ball President Nixon had given him. Everybody was touched, but a few wondered why Tomita would want to put a cut in something so treasured, because he was going to shoot a 90.



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### GOLF *continued*

One day during the tournament Corcoran stood gazing at the scoreboard where an assortment of 90s and 80s were being posted by all kinds of golfers of varying sizes, and he remembered what one of the Indonesians had said to him in Australia after the two-man team had borrowed clubs and shoes and then hung up a pair of 99s.

"He said he wasn't too disappointed in his round because he spent most of his time teaching golf instead of playing," said Corcoran.

For all of this, the World Cup always manages to produce some startlingly good golf among the 20 to 30 excellent players who are present. As it happens, the Americans have far from dominated the play over the years. A lot of different countries have won it, and only Nicklaus' blazing performance last week kept his house guest, Player, along with Player's partner, Harold Henning, from winning the championship for South Africa.

Jack shot rounds of 68, 69, 63 and 71, and he and Trevino won by 12 strokes. Nicklaus took the individual title by seven strokes. Lee, ever gracious, finished with a 69 and said, "I got off Jack's back and played a little golf myself for a change. He's carried me for three days."

If you want to count trophies for the year, Nicklaus' individual and the team title he shared with Trevino moved him one up on Trevino for titles won in 1971. Let's count. The team victory gives Trevino seven when added to those for the U.S. Open, British Open, Canadian Open, Memphis, Tallahassee and Sahara. Nicklaus has eight, including the PGA, Byron Nelson Classic, Tournament of Champions, National Team Championship with Arnold Palmer and the two in Australia.

Nicklaus played so superbly that Trevino tried only to stay out of his way. When Jack shot the record 63—with the small ball, but who cares?—on Saturday, he would rap a putt and say to Lee, "Go get it," when the ball was only halfway to the cup, and Trevino would almost beat the ball to the hole.

For those who might be amazed at how Nicklaus could get fired up over winning a tournament that would only pay him \$1,000, Jack had the answer. "I bought \$700 worth of tickets and a \$300 sponsorship, so I had to win it to break even." He smiled.

**END**

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## Blues for an Orange redhead

Brendan was one of my mistakes," said Patrick Butler, a generous supporter of the U.S. Equestrian Team. He made the remark in New York's Madison Square Garden at the National Horse Show, the last and most prestigious event on the U.S. calendar, and he was referring to the chestnut gelding being awarded the Professional Horsemen's Association Trophy, a prize based on points earned in PHA classes throughout the year. Butler was not lamenting Brendan's success but the fact that the horse no longer belongs to him. He had bought the gelding as an international jumper but sold him to a Mexican team member for \$10,000 when it was decided that the horse was not going to make the grade. Then came the 1967 Pan-American Games, where Butler's horse *Untouchable*, with Kathy Kusner in the saddle, was jumping off for the bronze medal against Captain Manuel Mendivil Yucupicio on Veracruz—none other than the erstwhile Brendan—and to Patrick Butler's chagrin, his reject was the winner.

Redheaded Rodney Jenkins, the young professional from Orange, Va., was in the ring with Brendan this year; Jenkins not only rode him, it was Jenkins who had bought Veracruz back from the Mexicans, changed his name to Brendan once again and then sold him to Harry Gill. Now, at the Garden, Brendan had clearly overcome any identity crisis and Jenkins the effects of an ankle broken in two places at the Ox Ridge show in June. In one hunter class, for example, Jenkins rode horses one, two and three, and the division championship had to be decided by a coin toss between two of them. In another class, with three open jumpers—Harry Gill's Brendan and Idle Dice and Hunting Woods Farm's Main Spring—Jenkins again finished one, two, three, and he went on to end in a first-place tie in the pousse.

This class, in which a horse must broad-jump and high-jump, was available for the first time to both international and national riders. The international turnout was the highest in four

years, with only three teams, Argentina, Canada and the U.S., competing. Since some of their first string had been left in quarantine, Argentina was at a disadvantage, but Canada and the U.S. had horses that had jumped high, wide and handsome before. Ten international and 12 national horses started the pousse, but as the jumps were raised and broadened, the ranks thinned. By the time the wall got to seven feet and the spread 6' 9" wide and 5' 6" high, the field had been reduced to six, three of them ridden by Jenkins.

The first to go was Bill Steinkraus, the U.S.A.'s only Olympic Grand Prix equestrian gold medal winner, who still holds the Garden record for jumping Bold Mansirel over 7' 3". This time, although his horse Fleet Apple cleared the spread, he pulled down the wall. Then a horse called The Hon, who looked as if he had started out to be a dachshund, only to have nature change her mind in mid-creation and turn him into a horse, pulled down both fences.

Brendan and Jenkins were next and cleared the spread, but when the chestnut refused the wall, Jenkins withdrew. Rob Ridland, the USET's youngest and newest rider, got *Almo* Persuaded over the spread but pulled blocks off the wall. Jenkins and Main Spring followed, were clean over the spread and then were the first to leap the wall. There was a suspenseful pause while Jenkins changed horses and reentered the ring with Idle Dice. He had the class won with Main Spring, so would he withdraw? He did not. Moreover, he duplicated the performance, tying himself for first place at seven feet.

The crowd responded with most un-horse-show-like stomping and screaming as Jenkins returned to the ring, electing, as a rider may in these circumstances, to call it a draw. No one could recall such a feat in horse show history.

Jenkins was also the runaway winner of the Leading Open Jumper Rider challenge trophy, a silver coffee urn whose public career he has rendered remarkably brief. This was only the third year the trophy has been offered, and this was the third year Jenkins had won, thus retiring it.

"Isn't it too bad," said one spectator, "that that boy has to work for a liv-

*continued*



HOLDING THE MUCH-BARTERED BRENDAN, RODNEY JENKINS ACCEPTS PHA AWARD

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There are companies where nothing much ever happens because the whole atmosphere says, "Don't Make Mistakes." Everyone is very cautious and well covered in any contingency with defensive, noncommittal memos. They are the custodians of the *status quo*.

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ing?" He was referring to the fact that the international riders who represent this country are generally amateurs. In that division, Jenkins' counterpart was Neal Shapiro, a 26-year-old from Glen Head, Long Island, riding Nirvana and Butler's Sloopy. Shapiro won only one class—on Nirvana—but he was consistently in the ribbons. He usually is, and in Europe last summer he won the Grand Prix of Aachen with Sloopy. This was tantamount to winning the most important individual trial before the Munich Olympics, and the Germans reportedly offered Butler \$100,000 for Sloopy. He turned them down to keep the horse available to our Olympic team.

In the Garden last week it was Sloopy's consistency rather than his brilliance that contributed to Shapiro's individual championship and the slender six-point victory of the U.S. over Canada for the team title. Sloopy never did take a class, but a batch of seconds and thirds helped Shapiro to finish with a 34 in the individual standings, 10 points ahead of teammate Carol Hofmann; Robert Ridland and Canada's Barbara Simpson tied for third at 22.

On the 22nd day of the National's eight-day run, Canada took the Nation's Cup for the first time since 1959, but the U.S. team went into the final international class, the Grand Prix of New York for the Devereux Perpetual Challenge Trophy, leading Canada 76-72. The U.S. came out of it ahead 80-74, with Argentina fetching up the rear with only 36 points. Shapiro and Sloopy turned in a perfect ride but came in third. "I realized I had to be very careful," Shapiro said. "I just wanted a clean performance—I wasn't trying to win on time. Sloopy isn't a speed horse, but he's a good, solid worker, excellent for Grand Prix competition."

Later he added, "Sloopy's a character, the best horse I've ever ridden, but he's not satisfied to just stand around in the stall. He's always trying to play, and if you're not looking he'll give you a nip, then gaze off into space with an innocent 'Who, me?' look when you turn around."

Shapiro, on the subject of Sloopy, was positively garrulous compared with Rodney Jenkins on the subject of Brendan. Jenkins might safely be termed laconic. When asked about the latest PHA champion, he thought for a moment and observed, "He's a nice horse."

END

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# *The Rediscovery of*



# New York City

*The journal of a voyage of discovery should start with the first day and go straight through to the last. For several reasons—the unseemly wrath of God and my own incompetence being excuse enough—this wandering account of an 80-mile canoe trip over the old, worn waters of New York City begins before dawn on the third day*

by COLES PHINIZY

**I**t is about four a.m. I am lying in a wet sleeping bag on the cobblestones of Fort Schuyler, a helpless old bastion that once guarded the eastern approaches to New York. Although Fort Schuyler could not now repel a frontal assault by fanatical bunny rabbits, at the moment its stout walls are serving me and three comrades well. Outside the open sally port where we are bedded down, a tropical storm called Doria is doing her roaring best to qualify as a full-scale hurricane. This is canoeing at its wettest worst.

Two days ago when I embarked with five other voyagers to rediscover the New York waterfront, I had two writing pads and a tape recorder. Yesterday morning before we started out in a downpour, I mistakenly threw the pad containing notes on our first day's travel in a garbage can. The other writing pad is still with me but so soggy that barely half its pages are good for anything except making spitballs. continued





New York waters offer varied scenes: in Jamaica Bay, the beauty of a Manroba marsh; under an airport, the muted colors of Capri's grotto and the swell of a Parth sewer.



## New York continued

I brought a tape recorder with me to pick up anything said by me or Chuck Stewart, the sternman in my canoe, as we paddled along. After draining rainwater out of the tape recorder half an hour ago, I turned it on and got a lot of noise. I daresay that in the three centuries since Marquette and Jolliet plied the Mississippi, there has never been a canoe trip as loud as this one.

Most of what the recorder played back is garble, but here and there in its din I recognize some of the particular sounds of the past two days: the thunder of a squall, the bluster of tropical storm Doria, the howl and whine of jets headed for La Guardia Airport and, occasionally, the flatulence of trucks on bridges. At one point on the tape I can make out the sad cry of herring gulls, and at another my own voice complaining, "We aren't making a foot of headway in this damn wind." After serving up mixed noises for 15 minutes, the recorder began coughing gutturally. Then it died altogether.

As I lie here on old stones in a storm, holding a flashlight in my mouth, writing on damp paper that barely supports a pen, I should be downcast, but I take

comfort remembering that the famous 17th-century canoeist, Louis Jolliet, was a scant day's paddle from Montreal when he captured and lost the entire journal of his Mississippi River adventure. Jolliet blew the whole deal, and I am well on the way to doing the same. *Plus ça change*, I say. *Quê arrê?* And what the hell. Tomorrow is another day. Tomorrow maybe it will not rain.

It is now about half an hour later. I cannot sleep, so I have put flashlight back in mouth and taken pen in hand to continue. It is not tropical storm Doria that keeps me awake but my own inner excitement and the lousy accommodations. At this point the sound of Doria is sweet. The louder she howls, the sooner she is apt to clear out of here and head for Connecticut, where she will no doubt have a ball uprooting 200-year-old elms and knocking steeples off historic churches.

The Navy-standard inflatable life vest that I planned to use for a pillow on this trip leaks. I have often slept without a pillow but never in a wet sleeping bag on stones that are about as comfy as a fakir's bed of nails. A wet sleeping bag clings. In the last half hour every time I turned over, seeking relief from the stones, part of the sleeping bag rolled

with me. A couple more turns and I would have been impossibly wound up in it.

This was the second time I tried to go to bed tonight and failed. After a day of paddling in mist and squall, drizzle and pour, at about two this morning I retreated to Fort Schuyler with three of the other canoeists, John Stookey, Dery Bennett and Herschel Post. At that hour the heavy rain along the dirty leading edge of tropical storm Doria had let up, and the wind was barely enough to bend a sapling. So we bedded down in newfangled tents that are nothing like the old sidewall types I have used before.

Whenever the wind is too much for it, an old sidewall tent simply pulls up its stakes and takes off, leaving its occupants exposed. A fancy, modern tent of the sort we are using on this trip is supported by an exoskeleton of aluminum tubing and resembles a futuristic, thin-skinned beetle. Since it has a ground cover connected to its sides, when you crawl inside one of these modern tents you belong to it. The least puff of air starts it quivering. The first 10 minutes I spent in the tent John Stookey lent me I felt as if I were inside a large bowl of Jell-O.

I had slept scarcely 20 minutes this



Portaging half-blind, a canoeist can easily forget he is in New York City, but out on the water the ghostly traces of civilization are hard to miss.



stormy morning when the quivering tent waked me. The wind had picked up. It was well over gale force to judge by the sound of it, and the tent was responding to each gust, a creature possessed. One minute the front end of it would rear up. When I threw my weight in that direction, the other end would leave the ground. By spread-eagling myself, I managed to keep it fairly level, but the tent was obviously eager to be on its way. As the wind increased I realized that any minute I might be the first camper ever to take off successfully and crash in a flying tent. By the time I decided to bail out, Stookey, Bennett and Pest, my companions in similar tents, had already done so. After wrestling our billowing shelters into a portable state, the four of us regrouped in this salty port of the fort to finish out the night. Chuck Stewart and Cal Plimpton, the other two in our party, had already withdrawn a quarter mile down the road to sleep on sofas in a college lounge.

Although tropical storm Doria is running things right now, I doubt if her antics will be what we best remember when we finally haul our canoes out 65 miles farther along. The city itself is too hot a package ever to be upstaged by a passing storm. Ever since I took up existence in one of its warrens, I have con-

sidered New York to be the world's worst vertical mistake, a city so compressed that explosion is inevitable. New York's slums and parks lie hard by each other. Filth and grandeur, monotony and excitement are well integrated. In any large New York park you can find Boy Scouts, joggers, bicyclists, empire builders, panhandlers, common pigeons and accomplished thugs, all using the same public parcel for their particular needs. The city's rabid radical rousers and its conservative pollwogs are frequently found ranting in the same public squares, sometimes espousing the same causes.

Lawrence Whit, the man who carted us and our three canoes to our jumping-off spot on the Hutchinson River near the northern limits of the city, was armed with a tear-gas device. Whit explained to me that in the predawn in that part of the Bronx you never know whom you might meet. To judge by the broken streetlights and the rusty switchblade I found in the weeds, that part of the Bronx does have an undesirable element. Nonetheless, as we carried our canoes through junk to water, the only public offender we encountered was a rat. I think it was the common species, *Rattus norvegicus*, but I am not sure, for it quickly fled under some old bedsprings without baring a fang.

If our purpose had been to sample the best and worst of New York, we could have quit in half a day. In our first mile down the Hutchinson River we passed a complex of high-rise apartments called Co-op City, better known as New York's biggest penitentiary. New York once was a city-nation of little neighborhoods and mixed tongues. As a result of all the witless construction going on—glassy offices and high rises—the city is losing its diverse character and charm, acquiring instead a sterile magnificence that is Orwellian and downright dull.

Even before entering the mainstream of the Hutchinson, we saw small fish dimpling the oil slick. Dery Bennett, who on workdays serves as conservation director of the American Littoral Society, identified these surface dimplers as killifish, and I go along with him. In the boyhood I partly wasted fishing in South Jersey, whenever I needed flounder bait I knew there were killifish galore around the sewer outlets in the bays back of Absecon Island.

Directly across from the towers of Co-op City on the Hutchinson River we passed salt-grass flats lush enough to qualify as wilderness. No doubt some day high-rise apartments will be stacked on this marsh, but right now it is an inviolate part of New York's park system.

*continued*

A person wearing a cowboy hat and a dark vest over a red long-sleeved shirt is riding a horse through a field. The scene is dimly lit, suggesting dawn or dusk, with a hazy, light-colored sky. In the background, another person is visible, and a small fire or light source is on the right.

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tem—badly oil-soaked but sacrosanct. I fully expected to find herring gulls working the area, for they know how to make a living where there is little life. Curiously, the first water bird we saw was a little green heron, a species I always considered too finicky for such a slum. The list of birds Chuck Stewart and I spotted in the first two miles is lost in the notes I mistakenly threw out. Offhand I remember a green heron and snowy egret, mallard and black ducks, herring gulls and a solitary blackback.

Except for a television crew that followed us a short way in a tug, the only people we saw in our first few miles were three water skiers, two fishermen and a horseshoe pitcher. As we paddled by, one of the water skiers took a spill in the Hutchinson River. He surfaced immediately, declaring, "This water tastes like —," I asked one of the fishermen we met what he was fishing for. "Probably nothing," he replied. The horseshoe pitcher, a retired subway motorman named Matthew Montgomery,

was waiting for crones to show up in a bosky dell on the shore of Pelham Bay Park. He invited us to stick around to watch the contest, but we had many a mile to go before sundown.

Although its bridges and the tunnels under its salt rivers obscure the truth, New York is an island city. Only one of the city's five boroughs, the Bronx, is situated on the mainland of North America. Two of its boroughs, Richmond and Manhattan, are islands unto themselves (in more ways than one). The other two, Brooklyn and Queens, take up the western end of Long Island. In its 320 square miles above the high-tide line, New York includes many lesser islands, the exact number indeterminate because the topography of the city has been in turmoil since the coming of the white man and his all-powerful tool, the hydraulic dredge. Creeks and tidal guts that once were no longer are. Within the city limits of New York, new islands have been piled up; others have been enlarged and joined; some have dis-

appeared. For example, the south end of one parcel in the East River is still called Ward's Island and the north end is called Randall's Island, although the two have been connected by fill for more than 10 years.

In the past century New York has used its lesser islands in a variety of doleful ways, as burial ground, as isolation wards for people of contagion and as rehabilitation centers for lawbreakers and addicts. Yesterday we passed Rikers Island, the biggest of New York's little islands, but we could not land because it is used to contain lawbreakers. Back in the good old Indian days, when the Wechquaesgeek tribe of the Bronx ran things, Rikers Island was less than 100 acres. Today it is more than 400 acres, built up largely of submarine earth that New York's tunnel diggers had to put somewhere. Just beyond the southeast end of Rikers Island one of the runways of La Guardia Airport has been extended to accept jets, and the two public facilities are now at an impasse. If ei-

continued

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by Vaughan Thomas

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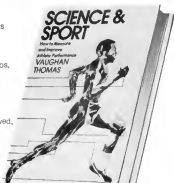
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ther facility grows 150 yards more toward the other, Rikers inmates will be able to take it on the lam and hijack a La Guardia jet without wetting a foot.

In New York, the city of perpetual upheaval, not even the dead stay put. A hundred and fifty years ago the city buried its impoverished on the south end of Manhattan. When real-estate values in that area improved, the dead were re-buried roughly where 42nd Street intersects Fifth Avenue. When that land became valuable, everybody was re-exhumed and re-buried farther north. I will say this about New York: it takes care of dead citizens. If you are a dead New Yorker and your relatives are strapped or too stingy, the city buries you free on Hart Island, a lovely place. There is one hooker: about every 40 years the city redigs where they buried

you, sifts your remains to the bottom and plants somebody else in the same hole. As I keep saying, this is a crowded town.

Wespen an hour on Hart Island, picking berries and wandering. We did not find a scar in the land suggesting that 600,000 people are buried there, only a large monument inscribed *PEACE* rising out of the tall grasses of the finished summer. The water around Hart Island has a poor reputation, but the Army Corps of Engineers' crackdown on polluters must be doing good. The water was so clear that at a depth of eight feet I could see old sneakers and beer cans on the bottom. Indeed, in two days we have only passed through one bad flotsam line of trash and raw sewage. Among the mentionable items I recall in the flotsam were a head of

red cabbage, a toupee and three tires, all with better tread than I have on my present car.

On our first morning, about the time the television crew took leave of us, Michael Kaufman of *The New York Times* showed up in a 16-foot, orange lapstrake hull. Kaufman plans to follow us all the way, reporting daily. I must say he is doing the job, handicapped by a croupy outboard motor but hanging on as if this voyage were the only news bone worth gnawing this week. John Stookey, who fomented the idea of rediscovering the waters of New York for fun, was concerned that too much press attention would turn the trip into a righteous crusade against pollution or in favor of birds, or worse. I was happy to see Mike Kaufman of the *Times* show up. I had heard a potential hurricane was headed our way. If the storm really walloped us, helicopters might not see our overturned canoes, but the bright orange bottom of Kaufman's press boat would be hard to miss.

Early on our first morning, when we stepped ashore at Pelham Bay Park to enjoy the environment briefly afoot, the television crew planted a remote microphone on Herschel Post. Post is executive director of The Parks Council, a public-spirited body concerned with the recreational use of city land. I suspect the television gang selected Post for bugging on the theory that he was the one most likely to let out a fresher of heady guff about man's need to get back to nature. I doubt if they got much. Although both Post and Dery Bennett of the American Littoral Society have good axes to grind on such a trip, they have been taking it casually like the rest of us.

Of all the wild and half-wild creatures we have met so far, the most intriguing is our expedition leader, John Stookey. He is an inspired wanderer, endowed with the curiosity of a wharf rat and the sort of unquenchable zest that made Franklin D. Roosevelt a constant winner. When all hell is breaking loose, Stookey often has a thin cigar in his mouth, canted upward in the fashion Roosevelt used to cock his cigarette holder. I have heard Stookey say, "There is nothing quite as dull as when things are routinely bad. It is far better if things are really awful." We originally intended to take this canoe trip in the long days of early June, but late last May, while driving a tractor enthusiastically up a

*continued*



On the first day the canoeists paddled from the Bronx across Long Island Sound to Queens and back to the Bronx (1). They next roamed the Bronx shore, ending up back in Queens (2). On the third day they made

it down the East River to south Manhattan (3). On the fourth they explored Brooklyn, paddling and portaging around to Jamaica Bay (4). On the final day they wandered through marshes to the south of Queens.



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Vermont slope, Stookey lost steerage-way. He tried to jump clear on the downhill side but failed. The tractor rolled over him, pressing him into the earth and breaking 11 of his ribs.

Stookey can find more silver lining in a dark cloud than any man I know. When the gray leading edge of tropical storm Doria came over us, Stookey observed that we were lucky not to be paddling in the broiling sun. When the worst drenching squall hit us—a real dam huster accompanied by 40-knot winds and lightning—Stookey pointed out that the driving rain was knocking the tops off the waves. Late yesterday as we crept toward the south end of Flushing Bay, Shea Stadium, the home of the baseball Mets, loomed ahead. Stookey immediately proposed that we watch the Mets game that evening and feast on hot dogs and beer. He had no idea whether the Mets were playing at home or away, or at all. Nor did he consider that the Shea outfield was probably ankle-deep after a day of deluge. Such minor realities never slow Stookey up.

On the sea I lean toward caution. In my own sailboat I seldom go out for half a day without a copy of *Howditch's Practical Navigator*, a pocket edition of the King James Bible, emergency flares, a packet of marker dye and enough water and tinned food for an Atlantic crossing. In contrast, Stookey is master of the art of traveling light. Except for camping gear, the only bulky items he has on this trip is a bundle of nautical charts, all marked with routes, alternate routes and possible avenues of diversion.

Chuck Stewart, my canoe partner for most of the trip, has wandered with Stookey in the past. Before we set out, Stewart warned me about Stookey. "When John goes canoeing," Stewart said, "he loves to portage and he loves to explore." Stookey belongs to the Age of Discovery. If it had been Stookey instead of Verrazano who explored the New World for King Francis I of France, every minor creek and backwater of the Atlantic seaboard would have been charted in half a year.

To get to the south end of Flushing Bay the obvious route is through the narrows between Rikers Island and the runways of La Guardia Airport—but not when you are with Stookey. He led us under La Guardia's runways into a subterranean gloom that reminded him of Mayan temples he has visited. I have

been in a few Mayan temples but never in one like the underbelly of La Guardia. The Mayan stoneworks I have seen were etched with glyphs. In sub-La Guardia there was not a literate mark on any of the concrete pilings or beams, not a line of graffiti nor a four-letter word.

In the next three days if we come to a large sewer outlet, I am sure Stookey will lead us up it. We approximated the experience yesterday around noon when we explored a stagnant meander called Pugsley Creek in the Bronx. In looking over the data I brought along to help us enjoy the waterfront, I find the city's Department of Planning considers the Pugsley Creek area a problem, socially and physically. According to a planning department report, the area is one of "rising community tension" where old residents resent the new. The report goes on to say that "the overflow that empties into Pugsley and Westchester Creeks after a storm creates unpleasant odors." Possibly so, but when we pulled ashore in a corks of a storm, I smelled nothing. As for community tension, we detected none that rain-soaked day. The people of Pugsley Creek took us to their bosoms.

From the spot we landed on Pugsley Creek our only access to public streets was through a large swimming-pool facility wishfully called the Castle Hill Beach Club. At the far end of the club property we came to the entrance building. John Stookey has a way of suddenly delegating responsibility to members of his crew. Probably because I looked the wettest and most forlorn, Stookey said it was my job to get us out through the club entrance. Approaching the attendant on duty, I said, "Sir, we have been cast upon your shore. . . ." I was prepared to go into details of our plight—pangs of hunger and so on—but there was no need. Impressed by the volume of water we were shedding on the floor, the attendant waved us through.

Across the street from the Castle Hill Club we had drinks at the Hi-Tide Hideaway owned by the seven Cinnante brothers: Joseph, Emil, Sonny, Sal, Louis—and I forget the other two. Then we ate clams and hero sandwiches next door at Tim Tam's Barbecue, owned by the same Cinnante clan. One Cinnante brother—Emil, I think—said we must have pasta for brains to be canoeing in

continued

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such weather. On the radio in Tim Tam's Barbecue an announcer was dotting over the damage already done by tropical storm Doria and her future plans. According to the announcer, Doria had knocked the Virginia capes for a loop and was centered off New Jersey, "packing winds of near-hurricane force," headed for New York. "This is no time to be out in a boat," the announcer declared exuberantly. I looked at Stookey, our leader. He was aglow, enjoying the news of Doria almost as much as his second order of clams. "I have no idea where we will end up tonight," he informed us. "After this rain," I pointed out, "Mount Ararat is going to be the only place."

When the announcer warned that tides would be three to five feet higher than normal and flooding could be expected, Stookey was almost uncontained. "Do you realize what that means?" he said. "Tonight we may be able to paddle up a street, park our canoes and eat at an excellent restaurant."

"It occurs to me," I said leavely, "that if there is water in the streets, no one will be driving cars, and the excellent restaurants probably will not stay open to cater to passing canoeists."

All yesterday I rode with Stookey in our lead canoe called *Old Grandad*. Although all three canoes are classic, warped-wood, canvas-covered craft made by the Old Town Company in Maine, *Old Grandad* is far the oldest. It originally belonged to Stookey's father and is now in its 33rd year. When we disembarked in Pugsley Creek, I carefully hauled *Old Grandad* well ashore, until its stern barge was in water. I forgot that when higher water than normal is expected, the tide comes in faster. When we got back to Pugsley Creek, *Old Grandad* was gone. "I have goofed," I confessed to Stookey. "We are up a creek without a canoe."

By the luck of it, the wind was blowing from the mouth of the creek, and *Old Grandad* had taken off upsteam. Fortunately also, Pugsley Creek is one of the waterways that the earth changes of New York have been filling in. If the creek still wound around as it once did, we would have had to slog a mile or more into the heart of the Bronx to recover the canoe—somewhere past Bruckner Boulevard. As it was, we had to go barely a quarter mile to find poor *Old Grandad* waiting for us, pressed by

the wind against pilings near the present, truncated end of Pugsley Creek.

It is now the predawn of our fourth day. With a new writing pad and flashlight in mouth, I am bedded down on the cabin top of an old Gloucester schooner, *Cantale*, alongside a pier in lower Manhattan. The buildings of New York's financial district dwarf the old schooner. I should be feeling small, lying at the feet of giants, but I am stimulated by the heavy, wharfily odor of the East River.

We are packing our own grub on this trip, but because of the wild weather we have been forced to live off the land more than we planned. In a complicated wilderness like New York, of course, living off the land is a very broad term. Last night, for example, we ate at a good restaurant called the Pagoda in Chinatown. On sorties to Chinatown and elsewhere, we have traveled on land more erratically than by canoe. In the process of retracing our steps to pick up baggage we left behind, we have thumbed rides, taken cabs and used subway and bus. By chance as much as design, we have ended up twice in the Moby Dick, a restaurant-lounge on Throgs Neck that features topless entertainers such as Ida the Spider and Lisa the Pleaser. Although the show in the Moby Dick is well within the limits of modern, erotic decency, the proprietor, Vinnie Foley, tells me he still has problems with blue-nosed citizens in the area.

After three days of exposure to John Stookey, I am infected with his zeal. So much so that when we backtracked to Throgs Neck last night to pick up sleeping bags and whatnot, I proposed we take one canoe on the subway with us. We are the only canoeists who ever paddled under an airport. It would be fine if we were also the first to portage by subway under a river. Getting a canoe onto a subway car is perhaps an impossible dream, but the transit attendants probably would have let us try. Everywhere else we have gone with our canoes—paddling or portaging—we have had entree. If we had been traveling in any craft powered by so much as an eggbeater, we would have been treated simply as another lurking gang of stinkpotterers. In canoes, we have been welcomed like wayward sons home finally from the sea.

In Queens, in a cove at the bottom of Little Neck Bay, a lovely lady named Au-

rorra Gareiss—a wildlife lover, onetime sailor and antipowerboater—invited us onto her lawn for lunch. Aurora Gareiss feels all canoeists should be encouraged since they create no stink.

The six of us are using the deck of the schooner *Cantale* tonight courtesy of the management of the South Street Seaport Museum. One of the museum founders, a voluble ear bender named Joe Cantaleupo, says we are the sort of people the city needs. (Out of gratitude I promised to donate my canoe paddle to the museum.) On the long list of generous souls we have met, I do not include the nasty kid who threw rocks at Stewart and me yesterday, shouting, "I read about you in the papers." Certainly I exclude the anonymous beast, or beasts, who dropped heavy objects in our path from 130 feet up on the Queensboro Bridge.

I feel sure we will be able to stay on schedule for the rest of this trip. Yesterday we made it safely through Hell Gate and the East River narrows around Welfare Island, where the tide can run up to five knots and the wake of a large boat rebounding off the seawall could easily swamp a canoe. In our first two days we contended only with rain and wind. Even before Doria moved in, on one leg across Long Island Sound a 15-knot southwesterly—and the chop it created—prevailed so hard on our starboard bow I felt we were scraping over mud. In the words of Cal Plimpton, who got the worst of it in the lead canoe, "We swept past Kings Point at a standstill."

Because storm-swollen tides coupled with high winds might be too much for us in Hell Gate and the East River narrows while Doria was still howling, Stookey decided we should try hitching a ride in a style befitting the waters we were exploring. A garbage barge was what he had in mind. This morning Herschel Post and I found that 700 tons of wet garbage was scheduled to leave the Department of Sanitation dock in Queens about midafternoon. Assistant Foreman Ray Masone at the Queens dock was all in favor of letting us ride on top of the garbage, but he felt his hands were tied. "I want you to understand, the New York Department of Sanitation has a big heart," Masone said, "but for permission to ride on the garbage you'll have to go to higher echelons." By the time I had telephoned a few higher echelons, the wind on the

*continued*

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## New York continued

backside of Dorn was dropping, so we took off under paddle power. A mile above Hell Gate we waited in the cove of a power plant until the tide was slack. We have tide tables and current charts that are probably as accurate as the Mayan calendar—and about as easy to read—but in the end we counted on a simpler way of determining slack water. When the gulls and terns resting on the water stopped sliding upstream, we started down.

Another day is done. We are now encamped just above the storm line on a flat island called Ruffie Bar. Although the area all around Ruffie Bar is known as Jamaica Bay, it is not really a bay but rather a maze of channels and empty islands with haunting old names. To the west of us lies Barren Island; to the northeast, Yellow Bar Hooek, and eastward, the Raunt and the marshes of Jo Co and Silver Hole. Here in the dark of Ruffie Bar, where big stars rotate on Polaris and there is only the remote sound of jets using Kennedy Airport, it seems improbable that we are inside the limits of New York, the world capital of light and unnecessary noise.

Since leaving Manhattan early this morning we have traveled about 22 miles, down the Upper Bay, into the Gowanus Canal and back out, through the Narrows under the Verrazano Bridge, across Gravesend Bay and the neck of Coney Island, then eastward on Sheephead Bay and four miles beyond to Ruffie Bar. Some parts of the long day of paddling were dull. For our first two hours on the Upper Bay we backed wind. The Brooklyn shore, the Statue of Liberty and Staten Island beyond, all looked their best gilded by the sifted light of the low sun, but we saw too much of them for too long. After we had crawled two miles along a waterfront studded with a monotony of piers, Chuck Stewart, a man not given to overstatement, said, "This part of Brooklyn is getting akya la."

In the lower reaches of the Gowanus Canal ships of the world were gathered—the *General T.B. Celerbay* out of Istanbul, the *Al Ahmadi* from Karachi and the *Sao Challenger* from Monrovia—but since it was Sunday, not a crewman was stirring. In the upper Gowanus we saw not a living thing except a German shepherd dog sitting under a sumac beside a rotting building. At the sight of us the

German shepherd began pacing the bank, barking strenuously, obviously delighted that we had come along to threaten the desolation he was defending. After we had paddled a mile and a half on the stagnant Gowanus, Dery Bennett, the conservation expert of our party, declared that the canal was so fetid it no longer even belonged to the ecological system.

Mike Kaufman, the *New York Times* man, has stuck with us all the way, through thick and thicker. He is still using the orange fishing boat he rented 65 miles back and depending on the same weak and sick motor. Every time Kaufman has disappeared to find a trading post where he could file a dispatch, I have never expected him to return under the same asthmatic power. As a result of his dispatches, our reputation is preceding us. Today one man deserted us to his friends as the canoe nuts who were racing around Manhattan (at the time we were a good eight miles from Manhattan). A lady leaned over the rail of a waterfront porch, offered a drink and shouted, "I read about you. I bet you make it." A Mr. Kailler, or Keiffer, of Brighton asked if we were the Explorer Scouts he had heard about. The guide on a tour boat in Sheephead Bay pointed us out to his customers. "Just ahead, off the bow," the tour guide said over his P.A. system, "you can see the three canoes that have been in the newspapers. The young men, or maybe old men, who are paddling the canoes are traveling through all five boroughs to Pelham Bay or somewhere." (Pelham Bay is roughly where we started.)

Kaufman's news stories have generated such enthusiasm that by tomorrow afternoon when we finish this odyssey in Shellbank Basin in upper Jamaica Bay, I expect one of the city's fireboats will be on hand, tooting and throwing water into the air. In the past day we have run into only one pocket of public disinterest—in Brooklyn, where we portaged for a mile and a quarter along Neptune Avenue to get from Coney Island Creek to Sheephead Bay. I have heard that people in the Coney Island part of Brooklyn are well entrenched and blasé. It is not often that you see three men straggling along a boulevard with their heads hidden in the upturned canoes balanced on their shoulders. If we had staged such a parade in most New York neighborhoods, we would

continued

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## New York Continued

have provoked cheers, wisecracks and no end of questions. The Coney Islanders were unmoved. As John Stookey portaged one canoe along Neptune Avenue, barely able to see 10 feet ahead, a passerby did stop him to ask if he knew the way to the city aquarium. When Herschel Post, traveling equally blind, rammed the canoe he was carrying into a marquee and then wandered out into the traffic on Neptune Avenue, no crowd gathered, no cop blew a whistle. If the mother of Moses suddenly appeared on Neptune Avenue and did a koochie dance while balancing her infant son on her head in a cradle of bulrushes, I doubt if Coney Islanders would react.

We spent most of our last day exploring Jamaica Bay. While we were eating last night, egrets and glossy ibises settled into the trees across a stand of phragmites from our campsite. Although there was a chop on the water, three black skimmers came winging in on the last light of day to try their luck with their long bills in the shallows near us.

I am an unstable bird lover. Ordinarily I can take bird watching or leave it, but when I am exposed to a *rara avis* or two, the birdiness in me is aroused. I start seeing auks, murres, gannets and godwits where there are none. This morning I saw a loon in the tidal swash back of our tents. When I summoned Dory Bennett, the most experienced bird brain in our party, he correctly identified it as a bedraggled gull. Farther along in a marshy swale on Rufflo Bar, I thought I spied an immature snow goose. I spent five minutes staring up on the young goose. When I got close, it turned out to be a large television tube that had floated in from somewhere.

Near the middle of Jamaica Bay we put ashore this noon on a wildlife refuge where birds abound—a multitude resting on the water and sunning on the shore of a large pond. In one slow sweep with binoculars, I saw herring gulls, great blackbacks and ringbills, mallards and black ducks, two kinds of tern, an ibis and a yellowlegs, egrets and big and little herons, and a few oddballs. Although I was exposed to a wild variety of species, I managed to keep my bird fever at a low boil—observing quietly like the other bird watchers around the pond. But then I spied a solitary brant sitting in a flock of black ducks. "A brant? A brant?" I cried out. "I see a brant!"

Continued

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## New York

Swinging his glasses in the direction I pointed, Dery Bennett said that it certainly was not a brant.

When I have seen a brant, I will not be denied. "Listen, Bennett, you sample boob," I shouted. "Don't tell me that isn't a brant. I have seen the common brant, species *hervila*, often enough in the *Audubon Water Bird Guide*. It's a brant. And furthermore," I continued in full voice, "that little bird next to it is a baldpated grebe, commonly found in the very same bird book."

Bennett finally admitted I had seen a brant, largely, I suspect, to restore order on the marsh. My shouting had put a flock of black ducks into the air and unsettled a coterie of serious bird watchers 50 yards down the trail.

Most of today the wind was astern, pushing us along. This journey, like others I have enjoyed, rushed to an end. Although paddling was easy, I found little to savor in the last three miles. We were on a fixed course. We knew where we were going and why. The sun felt flat, and the birds looked all alike. In the last mile, just before we entered Shell-hank Basin and hauled our canoes out, we passed a head of land. A gray-haired man hushing near the water in the warmth of the day called out to us. "You guys really have the racket," he said, "paddling in canoes, nice and easy."

"It's quite a racket," I called back. "The first 50 miles are sometimes tough, but then it's downhill all the way."

We had wandered for five days on forgotten water. I will never be able to travel through, under, or over the many parts of the city with the indifference I once did. The next time I land at Kennedy Airport I will be pressed against the window, looking for Ruffie Bar and the big pond where I really did see a brant. I doubt if I will ever take off from La Guardia Airport without remembering I once paddled under it. Straphanging on interborough subways, I will be wondering just what water I am under. When I drive on the high bridges that leap from the middle of one borough to another, I will be looking down, trying to pick out some place of remembrance: the garbage dock, Pugsley Creek, the cove where we waited for the tide to turn, the old fder where we slept and the Moby Dick where Ida the Spider danced. New York is unforgettable once you have had a slow look at it from low down in a canoe.

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## But You Never Were a Boar

The ferocious wild pigs of Izmir didn't stand a chance in the face of American firepower and Turkish know-how by RICHARD M. WATT

In 1952 I was a lieutenant junior grade in the Navy, serving as the gunnery officer aboard a destroyer. Our ship was attached for half the year to the U.S. Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean, and for the other half we operated as a lone vessel away from the task force in the eastern Mediterranean. This soon got to be boring duty, particularly around Christmas. While the rest of the fleet was living it up in lush ports like Monaco, Barcelona and Venice, we were tied up to a decrepit pier in Izmir, an impoverished Turkish seaport with no decent nightclubs or restaurants. The weather was cold, damp and windy.

One morning a few days before Christmas I was standing watch on the quarterdeck when a civilian, about 35 and obviously a Turk, climbed up our gangway. In this part of the world anyone who boarded a U.S. Navy vessel to sell something—repairs, dry cleaning, local jewelry—always behaved as this man did. He saluted the flag flying at the stern of the ship and the Officer of the Deck, threw in a little extra bow and, for good

measure, also saluted the petty officer of the watch and the seaman messenger.

It developed that he spoke no English—only Turkish and French I'd had a couple of years of French in college so we took a whirl at that. His name was Aftal and he said he was a professional hunter and guide. He was selling boar hunts. For a ridiculously small sum—about \$2 per person, as I recall—he would take a party of officers on a full day's hunt for wild boar. He said that he would provide beaters, dogs and "an *eluxe* autobus" that would get us to the happy hunting ground some place behind Izmir. I told him that I'd ask around and see if anyone was interested and he could come back after lunch. After farewell salutes to everyone and everything in the vicinity of the quarterdeck, he went ashore.

At lunch in the wardroom I mentioned Aftal's proposition and was surprised when about 10 officers, including our fat, nearsighted and distinctly unathletic supply officer, said they were in. When Aftal came back that af-

ternoon we closed the deal, and he said he'd pick us up in his autobus at 0600 on the only day we could all afford to be ashore, December 25th.

By Christmas Eve it was clear that nobody in the wardroom knew much about hunting, let alone boar hunting. Whatever qualifications the Navy set up for its officer-recruitment program, fieldcraft is obviously not among them. Not one of us had ever actually been hunting, and all we knew about wild boar was that they were domestic pigs that had escaped into the forests and gone wild. They were supposed to be incredibly dangerous and would, on the slightest provocation, gore a hunter to death with their razor-sharp tusks. Wild boar were fiendishly clever, immensely durable and impossibly ferocious.

We mulled this over and decided one had to be heavily armed for a boar hunt. Since I was the gunnery officer, everyone looked to me for advice. I decided that the best thing to do was let each hunter choose his own weapon, so I got the keys to the ship's landing-force locker and led the way to the compartment where we stored our small arms.

The equipment list for a destroyer's landing force must have been put together about the time the Navy was running the Yangtze River patrol. There were enough small arms and equipment for a landing force of nearly 50 men, plus a lot of miscellaneous weapons to outfit sentries, put down mutinies and make up automatic rifle fire teams. There it all was—clean, greased and lined up in neat racks. We began to feel like kids in a candy store.

The communications officer took an M1 Rifle and a bandolier with 50 rounds. A couple of ensigns took M1s with bayonets. Another ensign took a riot gun and when somebody told him that its shotgun charge wouldn't stop a wounded boar, he added a .45 caliber pistol for the close-in work. Our engineering officer selected a submachine gun with four 50-round magazines. (The general view was that this really wasn't sporting, but the engineering officer insisted.) I took a carbine and a pistol.

At this point our fat supply officer announced that several of his enlisted men had told him that steel-jacketed military ammunition was completely unsuited for hunting. To kill a boar with our kind of bullets, you'd have to hit him repeatedly. So he selected a Browning Au-





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tomatic Rifle with tripod. A BAR, when set for full automatic fire, was like a small machine gun, capable of firing 350 rounds per minute. It was the most awesome weapon in our hunting arsenal.

Christmas dawn broke under a cold drizzle at 0600 when Afial showed up with his *deluxe antelope*, an old German diesel-engine job with a body that was a mass of welds. Obviously, it had been in a bad wreck—or, more likely, a series of bad wrecks—and the frame was bent all out of line. It might have been deluxe by Turkish standards, but not even a marginally conscientious state highway patrolman in the United States would have allowed it on the road. Inside the bus there were about five Turks, each with a dog. They were introduced as the beaters (*rahmetus*) for the hunt and they were positively the toughest-looking gang of old men I think I'd ever seen. Their dogs were mangy, dirty, and clearly underfed. Each of the men carried an old shotgun. Afial shouted something to the driver and we started on our way.

The best you could say about our trip to the area of the hunt was that it was short. We lurched across a couple of small, decaying bridges and then lumbered down a potholed dirt road for about 20 minutes. During the trip one of the beaters' dogs came down the aisle of the bus, sniffed around and relieved himself on the wooden stock of my carbine. At the rear of the bus I noticed the beaters were filling shotgun cartridges with coarse-grained gunpowder that they were dipping out of a can—all to the accompaniment of much laughter and much cigarette smoking. I moved to the very front of the bus.

Eventually we stopped beside a field near a small village, where Afial explained that we were going to the top of a nearby mountain, where there would be hunters' blinds. Once we were in place, the beaters and their dogs would drive the boar up to us. Under no circumstances were we to shoot any of the beaters' dogs, which were expensive and difficult to come by.

We hiked up a rough path that ran along a ridge to the top of the mountain. To our right was a wide crease covered with underbrush, into which the guides and their dogs peeled off and began their beating. When we were only about a quarter of the way up the mountain, we began tiring badly. Our legs

were shaking and the damp air felt raw in our lungs. The reason was obvious. We were all carrying too much weight. My combination of a carbine, .45 caliber pistol, binoculars and bandolier of ammunition must have weighed nearly 25 pounds. The fat supply officer with his BAR was really coming apart. The old guides and Afial, on the other hand, just bounded from rock to rock.

After about an hour of climbing, we reached a point close to the top where the underbrush abruptly thinned out. Afial motioned toward a series of shallow ditches cut into the rocky soil. These were to be the hunters' blinds. Holding his fingers across his lips to indicate that we should be quiet, Afial assigned each of us to a blind, and when everyone was in place he scampered back to join the beaters.

The blind he had assigned to me was in the approximate center of the group.



It was raining lightly, and the bottom of the ditch was mostly mud. As I looked downhill I could see at once how this hunt was going to work. We were at the apex of the deep natural crease. The beaters would drive the boars up out of the crease toward us. I got my binoculars out of their case and began to study the terrain below. Far downhill I began to see puffs of smoke and, eventually, I could hear the sound of the shots as the beaters and their dogs spread out and worked their way uphill. Since they were still far away, I took the opportunity to look around.

The most noteworthy thing I noticed about the hunters' blinds was that they weren't located on a straight line but ranged up or down hill from me. About 150 feet to my right and well uphill was the blind occupied by the nearsighted supply officer with the BAR. I watched

him with growing apprehension as he unfolded his tripod and set it up on the ground just in front of him. He fumbled with an ammunition magazine and finally got it fitted in, and when he traversed his BAR back and forth I noticed that I was well within his field of fire. Satisfied with his situation, he removed his thick glasses and began to wipe them. There were a lot of stones lying about, so I began to stack them in a low ledge along the right rear of my blind, between me and the BAR. Between stacking rocks I waved my arms at him frantically, in the hope he'd pinpoint my blind. I couldn't shout, of course, because it would frighten off the boar. How's that for a rational order of priorities?

While I was building my rock wall, I heard a distinct rustling in the dense brush growth just below me, accompanied by a sort of snuffling sound, like a dog out of breath. Suddenly a big, lanky animal burst out of the undergrowth, dashed past me and disappeared up and over the mountain, traveling at tremendous speed. I could easily have reached out and touched him.

Most of the others in our hunting party had seen this apparition, too, but no one had fired, because this was obviously one of the beaters' dogs. It had long, coarse reddish hair and a narrow, pointed nose. It had long, lean legs and a short tail. It didn't look anything like a boar. Then I began to wonder: Just what *did* a boar look like? I realized I didn't really know. In my mind's eye I saw a big hog with sharp tusks, something like those roasting suckling pigs they served at luau in the officers' club at Pearl Harbor. About then I figured out that the animal that had raced past me must have been a boar. The same thought occurred to my comrades, who now erupted with rueful comments appropriate to the occasion. God help the next creature that crossed that ground.

The beaters were getting closer now. Even without binoculars you could clearly see them working their way up the slope toward us, firing their old shotguns in the air, their dogs running around them. Soon we began to hear more noise from the bushes in front of us. An animal was obviously running frantically back and forth in the underbrush. Everybody along the line of blinds heard it. Gradually the noise focused at a point just to the left of my blind, at almost

*continued*



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## Boar Hunt *continued*

the exact spot where the bear had come out. I was kneeling in the mud of my ditch now and sighting along my carbine. A brown shape popped out of the bushes and began to run wildly about in the open space before me. Suddenly the hillside exploded as everyone opened fire. The ensigns with their M1s way down on the right-hand side of the line began to fire laterally across toward our quarry. The chief engineer was screaming obscenities as he opened up with his sub-machine gun. The noise was deafening, but you could easily tell when the supply officer cut loose with his BAR.

Nobody could see the target now because of the bullets tearing up earth where the animal was last seen. But the supply officer kept walking his BAR fire to the left, and the impact of his bullets apparently looked enough like a running animal to keep everyone else shooting toward the eruptions.

That's when I realized that I was shortly going to be directly in his line of fire. I stopped peering over the edge of my blind, let go of my carbine and flopped flat into the mud at the bottom of the ditch. Sure enough, in a second or so .30 caliber bullets were slamming into my rock parapet and spraying me with stone chips.

Suddenly the shooting stopped. The supply officer had fired off his entire magazine, and without the running trail of dart explosions there was nothing for everyone else to shoot at. I squanned through my parapet to make sure it was safe, and then I slowly got up.

Everyone was standing up in their blinds with smoke streaming from their weapons. In the sudden quiet I could hear empty brass-cartridge cases tinkling as they rolled downhill. Altogether we must easily have fired 200 rounds. Down the mountain I could see Afial, the guides and dogs running down the slope in terror. Later Afial swore to me that a couple of frightened boar had run right past them in their flight.

Finding our quarry was difficult. The ground was all plowed up by our bullets. Pieces of hunk—in fact, entire plants—had been cut loose and tossed into the air. I kept poking around in the debris and began to find pieces of hair and flesh. A couple of other officers came over and helped. Gradually we assembled the remnants of an animal that turned out to be a large brown rabbit.

END

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## TALE OF ONE CITY

Sirs:

My sincerest thanks for Richard W. Johnston's article about San Diego (*A Playground Divided*, Nov. 8). It was the first honest and fair description of this city's sports scene I have read. *The San Diego Union* and *Evening Tribune* (the only major newspapers in San Diego) failed as usual to give a completely objective report on the subject.

San Diego, its people—most certainly, Mr. Breitbard—and its sports are *not* hush. The city council, Walter Hahn and Mayor Citron definitely are hush. And Peter Graham? He's the suppositor of the hush league.

DAVID P. YARLUM

San Diego

Sirs:

I compliment you on your timing. Here I am in college, fresh out of San Diego, homesick for its weather and my friends, and you print that fantastic article. Thank you so much. However, the article did fan a flame of resentment within me. By printing it, you have furthered the efforts of the "Dinch-ucles" to stuff San Diego down the throats of America. Currently, the phrase on the lips of almost every city official is "San Diego—City in Motion." I have reservations as to where this motion is taking the city.

I am sure that most San Diego residents dislike the sad despoilment of Mission Valley caused by Stonehenge West, the monstrous interstate highway overpass. A thousand years from now people will think we used it to calculate the starting time of Charger games. We have minimal air pollution (what little we have is brought in by jet from L.A.), and San Diego Bay is remarkably clean. Your article brought this out most effectively. However, I can just see some corporate head now reading *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and thinking of ways to defile San Diego's air and water. The reason San Diego's businessmen and officials want the Republican National Convention is the money, publicity and growth it will bring to the city. It is that kind of growth and publicity that is turning San Diego into another Los Angeles.

You did an excellent job of showing how wonderful San Diego is. I just hope that people will realize what a good thing we have and that they will help us to keep it.

DOUG HANSTON

Clayton, Mo

Sirs:

Numerous aspects of our diversified community drew race mentions. But there was one line that hurt a considerable segment. Del Mar racing, credited with having "its best meeting," scarcely is "minor" league,

as was indicated in the paragraph embracing brief mention of the track in the same sentence with the WHL Gulls. With an average daily attendance of 12,169 for its 43-day season, Del Mar Turf Club exceeded every other sports draw in this area with the exception of the Chargers, who play a home schedule of only 11 games. Del Mar, which has developed such nationally ranked horses as Cougar II, Kentucky Derby champion Tony Lee and Year Hoot (the disappointing Derby favorite who sired Kelso), has been major league for years.

NELSON FISHER  
Turf Editor  
*The San Diego Union*

San Diego

Sirs:

Was that a sports story or an annual report?

JOHN W. DEICH

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

Congratulations on your article chronicling the development of one of America's most complete sporting communities, San Diego. As a recent visitor to this sports haven I have had the chance to witness firsthand the capabilities of man in providing an ecologically sound and incomparably diverse milieu for sports.

PAUL M. SOLENICK

Syracuse, N.Y.

## BALTIMORE VS. MIAMI

Sirs:

I am sick and tired of all this jazz about Ben Bulach and how great the Colts are (*They Had Better Be Super*, Nov. 8). No true Miami Dolphin fan would trade Mr. Everything, Jim Kuck, for Bulach, unless the Colts included Babba Smith and their first and second draft choices for next year.

Larry Conkle leads the AFC in rushing, *not* Boo. In case you've forgotten, the Dolphins are in first place in the AFC East, *not* Baltimore. Your Tex Maule, expert that he isn't, seems to think that the Colts have the next Super Bowl already won.

HARLEY SLAVIN

Miami

Sirs:

Norm Bulach of Baltimore is a fine running back. But by the time he achieves the class of AFC East leaders Larry Conkle, Jim Kuck or even Mercury Morris, John Unstut will be drawing Social Security checks. Miami is in first place in more ways than one!

KEITH SMITH JR.

Miami

## KING OF THE BOARD

Sirs:

As one of the country's chess buffs, I want to thank you profusely for the magnificent coverage you are giving Bobby Fischer's quest for the world title (*Bobby Clears the Board for the Title*, Nov. 8). In a world where the Russians have trumpeted their chess superiority as a sign of the supremacy of the Soviet system (as they do with any sport in which they are good), Bobby has rattled them right down to the grass roots of the South Slobovia chess club. Let's hope he beats Boris Spassky and completes the puncturing of the myth that only Russians know how to play chess. Tell them Fischer is coming!

JOHN E. HENZOG

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

As an avid chess player I have followed Bobby Fischer's successes closely, and Robert Cantwell's story is the best I have read. I hope you place Bobby on the cover of your magazine when he wins the world championship this coming spring.

JAMES MAYO

Vail, Colo

Sirs:

My candidate for your Sportsman of the Year award is Bobby Fischer. Since more than 50% of all games between grand masters are drawn, Fischer's feat of winning 20 consecutive games without a draw is incredible. Furthermore, Fischer is the first Westerner to earn the right to meet Boris Spassky for the championship of the world, and, in my opinion, he is better than even money to win it.

ROBERT W. WOOD JR.

Princeton, N.J.

## WHORE BAILLIWICK?

Sirs:

It seems strange that Pete Rozelle found nothing wrong with Ralph Wilson, an NFL owner, when he was suspected of dealing with shadowy figures (*Mad Flies All Over the Track*, Nov. 1), but he did insist that Joe Namath and Ernie Wheelwright, NFL players, sell their interests in bars for similar reasons, even though they were cleared of the charges.

DAVID FARNBERG

South Orange, N.J.

Sirs:

We would like to correct the record stated by Robert H. Boyle regarding the National Football League investigation of Ralph Wilson. Boyle says "Twice in early September agents of the Thoroughbred Racing

continued

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC



Protective Bureau asked the NFL to contact them about the case, but no one from Rovel's office ever did.

Sometime after Sept. 29, while attending a convention of the Society of Ex-FBI Agents in Atlanta, I had a brief and informal conversation with a representative of the TRPB. At that time he advised me that Mr. Wilson was under investigation by the TRPB and the New York State Racing Commission because of irregularities in the sale of racehorses. I asked this representative whether or not this investigation concerned the sale of the racehorse Jim French and he acknowledged that it did. I advised the TRPB representative that we were aware of this investigation from another source and that we did not believe that the National Football League desired to inject itself at this point into an investigation being conducted by an official body concerning a matter not related to professional football.

It was only following the announcement of the suspension of Mr. Wilson and the alleged basis for this suspension that we believed it was proper to conduct an investigation to determine whether Mr. Wilson's conduct was in fact detrimental to professional football. Our investigation proved that it was not.

JOHN J. DANAHY  
Director of Security  
The National Football League  
New York City

● According to its chief investigator, Cliff Wickman, the TRPB once sought the NFL's help in the investigation, but never received an official yes or no. —FD.

#### DOCTOR IN VIRGINIA

Sirs,

Peter Carey has done the basketball fans of America a favor by pointing out the virtues of the Doctor, Julius Erving (*A Bark Duce into the Bre Time*, Nov. 1). In his two college varsity seasons, Erving certainly gave every indication of having the potential to become one of the prettier cornermen in pro basketball. I for one can't understand the rap put on the boys who sign a pro contract before securing their college degrees. I believe that if their detractors were in the same position, they would find it difficult to turn down a salary as fantastic as the one reportedly paid to Nate Williams by the Cincinnati Royals. Regardless of how they perform in pro ball they can always go back to school, can't they?

BRID BRYNSTON

Braintree, Mass.

#### WIN ONE, LOSE ONE

Sirs,

Nice try, but Pat Putnam's article on the visit to Mexico City by the Notre Dame frosh (*Hold On, Dea, the Freshmen Are Com-*

ronounced)

  
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### 16TH HOLE - continued

ave, Nov. 1) doesn't quite cover up the Irish loss to Southern Cal. Nor does the grudging admission by Gwilym Brown (Football's Week, Nov. 1) that Ara's boys need a quarterback erase the memory of the SI Scouting Report (Sept. 13) that pointed out that Notre Dame was to be No. 1 this year, quarterback or no. Paraghean is beginning to look a little like Tom Landry: even with all the criticism, the gun still goes "pop" instead of "boom."

WILLIAM P. HINCKLEY  
Bordenow, N. J.

Sir:

Hopefully, our future good relations with Mexico will never again be entrusted to emissaries from Notre Dame. After a reading of Pat Putnam's article, it appears that this year's freshmen are being well schooled in the traditions and philosophy of the Irish variety and its coach, Run-It-Up-Ara Paraghean: worry about those national rankings and to heck with the feelings of the outlashed opposition.

Mr. Putnam finds all of this very cute. To this observer it reminds just another illustration of why Notre Dame is despised in many college football circles.

KENNETH WATSON

Austin, Texas

### LAND DEVELOPMENT

Sir:

Roger Rapoport's article *Peddler Gof's Country* (Nov. 1) presents one of those curious "success stories" so mistakenly identified with the American Dream. The title "Land Developer" is flaunted by men like Jeff Dennis as if nature and the wilderness have lain an utter, undeveloping dormancy for four billion years, eagerly awaiting the dam, the saw, the bulldozer and a thick layer of pavement to develop into something worthwhile.

It is useless to argue with the likes of Dennis concerning the wisest uses of our last wildlands. For the land developers there are dollar signs on every tree or stream or bit of earth, and Federal laws still encourage private profit where no one man should ever hold sway. But developers can no more be faulted for their greed than a cat can be condemned for scratching a curtain; this is their nature. That the people of this nation allow such rapacity to continue in a day when this wilderness heritage has already been clawed to its last shreds is truly pitiful. Americans, each and every one of us, must strive to put wanton destruction by land developers out of the protection of our laws.

TOM SMITH

Fontana, Calif.

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